JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1922. TWOPENCE

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY.

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Tampering with Justice

by HAROLD OWEN

By Appointment to H.M. the King

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Vol. XXXII. No. 843.
Week ending Saturday,
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JOHN BULL

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For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

R.I.P.

Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins sat together only a few weeks ago in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery at the House of Commons. Now they rest together. Peace be with them.

A Knock-Down Blow.

F. Maddison, ex-M.P. for Burnley, Tom Kennedy, M.P. for Kirkcaldy, and Barnet Kenyon, M.P. for Chesterfield, have been speaking in Berlin. The mark fell to 36 a penny.

At Long Last.

Trade is improving, largely owing to export demands. Here is Labour's chance to speed the good work.

De Valera's Danger.

The danger in Ireland is that civil war may degenerate into a vendetta. In that case de Valera's life is scarcely worth a day's purchase.

A Question for Hohenzollerns.

The *Daily News* heads an article "The Mystery of Christianity: Why Did it Prevail in Europe?" Why it did not prevail is a question the Hohenzollerns still ought to answer.

"The Greatest of These —."

Our grateful thanks to the many readers who have sent contributions to help those in urgent need. Thus are we enabled to carry on the good work.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Our readers will join us in wishing a speedy and complete recovery to the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., whose serious illness, we regret to say, prevents him from sending his weekly contribution.

Allaway's Confession.

Our readers were prepared a week ago for the news of Allaway's confession, which will set many minds at rest. The least element of uncertainty as to a murderer's guilt preys upon the public conscience, and rightly so.

Husband and Wife.

Mr. Asquith, when his wife's book was the rage, feebly protested that he had not read it. Now that his own, in reply to the ex-Kaiser, is about to be published, will Mrs. Asquith return the self-sacrificing compliment?

Better Still.

The British Tommy is now to have an early cup of tea in the mornings. All very well, but what about a late and cheaper glass of beer?

Blackpool's Red Tape.

Blackpool Corporation is summoning people for converting houses into flats. Its magnates apparently do not recognise the right to live—in decency.

Distinction and Difference.

Michael Collins refused ten thousand pounds for his book. Mr. Lloyd George gets ninety thousand for his. Collins died young at the game of statesmanship.

Grave and Gay.

"I hope," said the Premier to the Welsh choir at Llanystumdwy, "you will sing these Welsh songs over my grave. The choristers' answer, "With pleasure, sir," was almost too urbane.

Fact and Fiction.

English short-story writers can sell their American rights for ten times the figure they get in England. It recalls Sir James Barrie's famous shortest story: "Now Barabbas was a publisher."

A Channel Danger.

What does the Board of Trade mean by permitting the present scandalous overcrowding of the cross-Channel steamers? On the Ostend service passengers have recently been forced to sit in the lifeboats!

Style and Manners.

The *Morning Post* bravely says that English literature owes little to our ebullient Scottish and Welsh friends. Scotsmen still believe that Burns and Scott and Barrie and Stevenson were almost as literary as the *Morning Post*.

Quite Time, Too.

If Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P., becomes Scottish Secretary, the post of Pensions Minister may be abolished, responsibility being transferred to the Minister of Health, who controls Old Age Pensions, or to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Teaching the Young Idea.

Despite America's pose as the apostle of world-peace, she apparently believes in being prepared. The July issue of a single New York journal advertises forty-four military academies for boys! This fostering of the bellicose spirit emulates that of even Prussia herself.

Defeating Old Age.

Lord Rosebery's transfer of Mentmore to his son Lord Dalmeny is a typical gesture. He leaves the field of active life a philosophic victor.

Shortt and Sharp.

The race-course gang pest is a disgrace to our administration. If the Home Office cannot deal with these knife-users and gunmen, it needs a new head.

Blackmail.

A wealthy M.P. has been told that unless he puts down a thousand a year for nursing his constituency he will be dropped. The caucus call it enterprise. He calls it blackmail.

Reason and Sense.

General Sir Frederick Maurice has written a book explaining why we missed victory in 1917. Ten years hence somebody will write a book explaining why we missed peace in 1922.

Pity the Innocents.

A solicitor has received a box of cigars from a lady whom he had advised to invest a few pounds in marks when they were 400 to the £. She asked him to accept them as she saw they had *risen* to 10,000!

The Money in Religion.

Gipsy Pat Smith, who is evangelising in Cardiff, is said to be making something like ten pounds a day. He ought to clear this matter up. The eye of the needle is not yet obsolete as an illustration.

Mick's Mistake.

The chief of the guerilla band that ambushed Mick Collins was a Republican to whom he had taught the art of ambushing in the days they fought the British. It was tragic for Mick that the pupil learnt so well.

Soviet Honesty.

Russia has seized two British ships, formerly flying the Russian flag. When they were sold Russia called it theft; when they are confiscated Russia calls it restitution. This is not honesty; it is humbug.

Might and Maine.

The barber on the hospital ship *Maine* is to get an extra tuppence a day. "The Lords Commissioners have signified their concurrence: the King, by and with the advice of the Privy Council, has approved. The Admiralty are to give the necessary directions." It is to record momentous events of this kind that Whitehall is still overstaffed.

Virtue's Reward!

A youth at Claydon, Bucks, found a wallet containing £200, and returned it to its owner—who showed his gratitude by bestowing sixpence on the finder. Thus is honesty encouraged!

Why This Delay?

A great many mothers of sons who fell in the war are wondering when then are to receive the medals to which they are entitled. Some, more fortunate than others, have received these mementos of their loved ones—which increases the dissatisfaction of those who have not. The Department responsible should need no urging.

Playing at Work.

Some of the Salford unemployed have not been setting a particularly brilliant example of diligence in relief work found them. They refused to continue at it when it rained, although the Corporation workmen did so. At a recent meeting the Guardians arranged to engage a different gang of men. Quite right, too. The Board have their ratepayers, as well as their unemployed, to consider.

A "Dole"-ful Story.

Experts declare that a grant of £400,000 last year would have enabled the Cornish tin miners to have weathered the crisis. During the past 18 months, £400,000 has been paid out in unproductive unemployment benefit and Poor Law relief. This expenditure is likely to go on unless the industry is restored. Perhaps our Grand Panjandrums may do something now a lot of money has been wasted.

No Home.

Day by day evidence of the incompetence of the Government, and consequently of the local authorities, to deal with the housing shortage accumulates. Robert Harrison, a miner of Sunderland, has to walk fifteen miles to his work at Thornley, and fifteen miles back—because there are no houses nearer suitable to his requirements. No homes for hero-workers! A terrible breach of faith!

"Larning 'Em!"

About a year ago the Bradford "City Fathers" decided to teach the local poor their "civic responsibility" by abolishing the system of compounding, under which poor tenants pay their rates in their rents. The local Stipendiary has had to work overtime to deal with the 12,000 summonses issued as a result. This lesson in citizenship is likely to cost Bradford £64,000 in uncollected rates.

Hull's First-Classers.

Hull is not the only town in the Kingdom whose municipal officials travel first-class while on "the business of the ratepayers." Being of an economising kidney, Councillor Mell of Hull moved that for the future only third-class fares should be allowed, but moved in vain. However, instances are not unknown in other towns of officials travelling third and charging first, holding that they are entitled to do so.

"The Shame of the Shambles."

As the result of our recent article, Major J. B. Paget has offered a prize of fifty guineas for the best anæsthetic for use in connection with the slaughter of animals for food. The invention, or discovery, must meet the following requirements:—"That it shall not affect the flesh for human consumption; that it shall be quick in action, easy to administer, and cheap." Readers interested will do well to turn to page 13 for an important article by the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon.

Careless Casualty Reports.

The casualty list in connection with the Gravesend train smash was long enough in all conscience, but two men who were at first reported killed fortunately turned out to be unharmed. The mistake should not have been made—especially as there were local officials of the Ministry of Transport on the spot.

Darlington's Escape.

Darlington Magistrates have refused to support the Town Council in their proposal to prosecute small traders who sell papers and sweets on Sundays. To prevent a repetition of this attempt at tyranny, Darlington should see that at the next election the mugwumps are thrust into outer darkness.

A Long Day.

The officer's "batman," at any rate in the R.A.F., does not always have the easy life that many people imagine. Here is the time table of one stationed somewhere in Cambridgeshire: Rising at 6 a.m., he is kept hard at it till 10.15 at night—sixteen hours and a quarter in all. Enough to make a British working man shudder.

Those "Man-Made" Laws.

The husband told by the Willesden Magistrates that he will have to pay his wife's 10 guinea dental bill, which has been sent to him though she no longer shares his domestic hearth, is in an unenviable position. The lonely spouse said his wife had refused to live with him. The "man-made laws" sometimes succeed in putting women on a good thing.

The Char-a-banc Disaster.

The char-à-banc tragedy on Romney Marshes indicates how little the District Councils are doing to provide for this new type of traffic. The Coroner expressed the opinion that in this case the Council were not culpably negligent, but it should not have required this heart-rending accident to teach them that a ditch covered with reeds to the level of the road formed a death-trap—especially at night.

Fat Witted.

It is difficult to gauge the mentality of the two men of Kingsteignton, Devon, who made no attempt to save the life of a little girl who had fallen into the river. One told the other of the accident, and drove away. The other, instead of trying to rescue the girl, went off to tell her father. It may not have been so much callousness as sheer incapacity to act in a crisis. But one expects better than this in Devon.

Woeful Whisting.

Proceedings in the local police court now explain why sixty Burton-on-Trent whist-drivers were recently marched to the police station, and detained until midnight. The promoters ran the drive for their own profit. As a sideshow, there was a "draw." The summons was for keeping a gaming house, and the persons concerned were convicted and fined. Even so, the action of the police was not only puritanical but tyrannical.

The Jumper Ramp.

Women in want of home work would do well to fight shy of certain firms advertising for knitters. The scheme of these tricksters is usually to demand, say, 17s. 6d. for the first pound of silk required, and to promise to pay for the making upon the garment being finished, when they also undertake to send the same weight of silk free of charge for the knitting of another article. Such methods do not inspire our confidence.

A Silly Rumour.

A large number of credulous innocents have been spreading the rumour that the manufacturers of a certain brand of cigarettes will grant a pension to any disabled ex-Service man who collects a million empty packets. All who have treated this seriously may take it from us that their labour has been wasted.

Humane Councillors.

An old woman of 72 appealed to the Hitchin R.D.C. regarding four cottages which had been condemned. The little money they brought in was a great help to her. And all she asked was to be allowed to keep them until she died. The Council granted her request. It is indeed a poor law that won't stretch a point.

Down in Devon.

"The Collector will announce his approach by the ringing of a Bell," magniloquently declares a notice posted by the Ide (Devon) Council, which has recently decided to undertake the removal of house refuse. But as it is only once a fortnight that the dustman makes the welkin ring, some of the residents wonder why their rates are 14s. in the £.

Dissembling Her Love.

Protesting her love for the Established Church, Catherine Parkinson, of Preston, was charged with sacrilege and stealing certain articles from Barton Parish Church. She pleaded that she did this in a fit of abstraction, but the Bench rightly held that her words and actions were totally at variance. For three months, therefore, she will have an opportunity to plan better ways of showing her love.

Brave and Modest.

Miss A. Mackenzie, cook at a children's home in Elswick, saw a man knocked down by a cow. She got through a window, clambered over a five-barred gate, and seized the animal by the horns, giving the man time to crawl away. Miss Mackenzie was as modest as she was brave, for she herself made no mention of the incident—but she has clearly demonstrated the equality of the sexes in respect of courage.

Judgment on J.P.

Mr. Daniel Jones, the working collier Magistrate of Ashby Woulds, Leicestershire, has had to retire from the Board of Guardians because his wife, ill for a few days only, was treated in the workhouse infirmary. Poor Law relief to the wife is Poor Law relief to the husband, so for twelve months at least he has to leave his seat on the Board, where for 15 years he has rendered acceptable public service.

A Savage Father.

David Whitwell, a loader, of 31, Lily Street, Wolstanton, incensed by a slight act of disobedience on the part of his six-year-old daughter, took off his belt and struck her violently about the head with the buckle end, inflicting serious cuts and bruises. For this act of parental "correction" he was merely fined £2 at the Burslem Stipendiary Police Court. Why not hard labour?

Gaming with the Dole.

Two men were charged at Durham with gaming by playing cards. Both were in receipt of the Dole and Poor Law relief, but the Bench could fine them only a few pounds. They suggested, however, that similar cases should be taken under the Vagrancy Act, when offenders could be sent to prison. It is certainly scandalous that persons can thus waste money received from the State for their families, without a suitable punishment being available.

Yet Another.

For a year Henry John Carter, a Greenwich band-sawyer, tried in vain to get work. Then, heart-broken, dispirited and weary, he quitted the world in which he could not find a niche, by inhaling coal gas. Thus, the appalling list of peace casualties grows longer and longer. When shall we get something more solid than talk from our "Wait and See" Government?

A Thick-skinned Road-Hog.

Some day, perhaps, Joshua Philip Turner, of Avenue Road, Regent's Park, will learn to drive a motor-car without making himself a general nuisance. He has had no fewer than twenty convictions for motoring offences, and on his last Court appearance was fined £5, and had his licence endorsed. It takes a lot to teach such men as Turner that they must not make bear gardens of public highways.

A Gallant English Gentleman.

Mr. Herbert Gerard Fox, of Oxford, was a gallant English gentleman. While he and his wife were punting, the lady fell into the river. Mr. Fox promptly dived to her rescue, but as he had been gassed in the war, he found the task too much—so, when Mr. Walter Piper went in to the rescue of both, he pushed his wife toward Mr. Piper and sank. As the Coroner commented, "He elected that his wife should be saved in preference to himself."

Discrimination, Please!

There is a likelihood that, in consequence of certain criticisms lately appearing in the Press, the sympathy of the general public for shell-shocked ex-Service men will be weakened. It cannot be denied that an unprincipled type of man does not hesitate to exaggerate and exploit his physical disability; but there remain those whose nerves have been shattered beyond repair, and who are entitled to our utmost sympathy. Let us discriminate.

A Real Hero.

Few ordinary men can have shown quite as much patriotism as Arthur Timms of Northampton. He fought for his country for three years, was discharged suffering from gas poisoning, and then refused to take a pension, preferring to work for his own living. In reality he was far too ill to do this, and one day he collapsed and died in the street. All honour to his brave spirit. His widow, at least, must never know the meaning of the word "want."

Twice Betrayed.

Nine years ago Richard Yeardon courted and, under promise of marriage, took advantage of Miss Margaret Harwood of Darwen, with the result that a child was born. Yeardon left without marrying her, but the girl waited. When they met some years later, he once more promised marriage, but only betrayed her again, and another child was born. Now Yeardon merely has to pay one pound a week for his shocking behaviour. Let us hope he will be cast in swingeing "breach" damages.

A Wise Decision.

The Newport Magistrates have hit on a way of making the punishment fit the crime, without making a gaol-bird of a first offender. Thomas Griffen, local Secretary of the British Iron, Steel and Kindred Trades' Association, betted and lost, was tempted to betray his trust, and helped himself to £87 belonging to the Association. Instead of sending him to prison, the Magistrates fined him £3, and ordered him to refund the money at the rate of £1 a week.

A Soldier and a ——?

Robert McPhail is with a British regiment on the Rhine, but that is all that is British about him. He has taken to himself a German wife, while the Scots lassie he wronged is trying to hide her shame and keep his babe with the aid of the parish.

An Act of Chivalry.

As soon as the York Magistrate dismissed the charge against Thomas Brown of abandoning a baby in Tanner Row, he offered to pay five shillings a week towards its maintenance. He was not its father, nor had its mother any claim whatever upon him. The age of chivalry has not altogether departed.

Call Again.

A young woman out of work signed on for relief on the 11th of August at the Eckington, near Brighton, Labour Exchange. She was asked to call again on the 14th, again on the 16th, again on the 18th, again on the 21st, and again on the 23rd. These journeys, in the aggregate, amounted to a distance of 42 miles—a long trail to traverse to obtain 6s. a week.

A Remarkable Father.

A man named Wells lives at Alton, Hants. When his sixteen-year-old boy, Liberty Wells, was fined 25s. for apple-stealing, this remarkable father shouted: "Give him a month, gentlemen; it will do him good. I had to do a month when I was sixteen!" We are afraid that durance vile at an early age did not add to Wells senior's stock of natural affection.

Demoralised by Wealth!

At Wimborne, Dorset, Abraham Tibbs was charged with assaulting his wife. During the proceedings it was stated that, after winning a £5,000 prize, he lived a "high life" with another girl, and on one occasion tore every garment off his wife's body. He was sentenced to a month's hard labour, which is little enough. It was a pity he could not be compelled to hand over the rest of his money to his wife.

J.P.s and Tortured Animals.

John Crades, of Laneside Farm, Mearley, bored holes through a cow's ears with a hot iron, and then threaded barbed wire through them. And he was let off with a fine! It is fair to add that a minority of the Clitheroe Magistrates were in favour of imprisonment, but the majority evidently thought Mr. Crades had not been brutal enough.

Dreaming of His Girl.

James Henry Haley was fined forty shillings at Oxford for failing to pay his fare on the railway. In extenuation of his offence he urged that he had no time to get his ticket, as he wanted to catch a certain train to meet his girl. She did not turn up, and he was so upset that he gave incorrect information to the officials. Haley will doubtless remember in future that realities are much more important than romances.

A Martyr.

The phrase "a martyr to fashion" is often used in a comedy sense, but it is a thousand pities that it can sometimes be used literally. Mrs. Jessie Kent, of Greenwich, followed the fashion of high-heeled shoes, and these caused her to fall from some steps, with fatal results. The mysterious designers of fashion, whoever they are, should take a little thought, and try to avoid contriving death-traps for their devotees.

A Callous Couple.

Frederick Simpson, of Chesterfield, and his wife were charged with neglecting their two boys. The mother, the lads and two girls, one aged eighteen, all slept in the same bed, the mattress being absolutely rotten. The boys when taken to the workhouse actually cried for bread. Both the defendants had been sentenced before for similar offences, and the three months' hard which they will now undergo is far too little for such callous brutes.

LICENTIOUS DIVORCE REPORTING

by ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE autumn divorce season is approaching. In the meantime, one hears, the legal officers of the Crown are confabulating over schemes for preventing, or mitigating, the scandal of prominent newspaper reporting.

The spring season of divorce was among the busiest and most flourishing on record, and respectable newspapers printed details about the sexual oddities of real people such that, if I printed similar details concerning imaginary people in a novel, I should assuredly be summoned to Bow Street and my livelihood would be much impaired—even if I didn't finish in prison.

There can be no doubt that the reporting of divorce cases has reached a freedom which amounts to licence, and that some newspapers owe much of their immense prosperity to this pandering. There can be no doubt that something ought to be done about it.

In France reports of divorce proceedings are practically forbidden, but what the French public thus loses in one way in naughty reading it gains in another, and French newspapers are certainly not cleaner than English, nor is French taste more austere than English taste. In Canada, I believe, a censorship exists on divorce reports, and rumours have reached me that a similar censorship is contemplated in Great Britain.

I am uncompromisingly against all censorships except in war. Censorship means suppression of the truth, and suppression of the truth means injustice and abuses. And I am against the total forbidding of newspaper reports of divorce.

Divorce is a private and indeed an intimate matter, and publicity about it may be exceedingly obnoxious to the individuals affected. But divorce is also a public matter. The practice of it influences the stability of the institution of the family, which is the very basis of the State. Further, if divorce could be secret it would increase and might become frivolous. Divorces, and the nature of divorces, ought to be the subject of common knowledge. The Press ought to be at liberty to publish some report of every divorce case.

What then is to be done? It seems to me that if *all* parties to a divorce case agreed that certain details of the evidence should not be printed in the Press, and if the Judge approved their desire, the publishing of these details might be legally forbidden without any appreciable abuse creeping in. This would be a fair compromise between private susceptibilities and genuine public welfare, and it would do a lot to purify Press reports.

HIRED WOMEN IN DIVORCES

How His Majesty's Judges are Fooled

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THAT the present Divorce Laws make possible abuses of all kinds and put a premium on the framing of bogus cases by means of wilful perjury, is one of the commonplaces of the law. In recent years, however, the scandal has been intensified by the gradual building up of an organisation that exists solely for the purpose of deceiving the Courts in the interests of those who are willing to pay the high scale of charges demanded.

Not the least important member of this organisation—the existence of which is known to and vouched for by some of the best-known practitioners of the law—is the professional woman in the case, the woman who, for a consideration, is willing to place herself at the disposal of any man who has tired of wedlock and wants to make it easy for his wife to divorce him.

THE professional "woman in the case" is as necessary a part of the present system of Divorce in this country as are the barristers and the solicitors who prepare the cases for the Court, and there are many women who find it a very lucrative profession indeed. Some, of course, are women of the streets, but there are others who cannot be so classed. That the profession is a paying one may be gathered from the fact that at least one of the most sought-after followers of it is able to surround herself with luxury befitting a princess, and to move in Society—where she passes as a woman of wealth and position, without even her most intimate friends suspecting her real occupation or the true cause of her frequent absences from town.

THIS particular specimen of womanhood has figured anonymously in some of the most notorious of recent cases where divorce was obtained without going too fully into the circumstances of the guilty parties. One case of the kind occurred only a few months ago, the chief concern of the husband being to screen his partner in guilt, a lady bearing a name honoured in the best Society. In order that he might be free to marry the lady in question, the husband did all in his power to incite his wife to start divorce proceedings. When at last he succeeded, the evidence afforded the wife's private detectives was that of sojourns at different hotels on the South coast and on the Continent with the professional lady in the case—not a single hint being given of the existence of the real woman in the background. Indeed, few knew of her association with the divorced man until, when the decree was made absolute, the pair were quietly married.

Another case in point was that of a husband and wife, well known in public life, who had both formed other attachments. The wife's version was that the husband had stayed at an hotel in town with a woman not his wife—whom he had technically deserted in order to strengthen the case against himself. A decree was pronounced almost automatically. The Judge went out of his way to make some comments on the general unreliability of hotel evidence, but cited that in this particular case as being quite convincing.

WOULD he have been so well satisfied with it had he known that the woman of the hotel was the same as the one who had figured in a previous Petition that had called forth from him sharp denunciation of the manner in which accommodating guilty persons were found in these cases? He certainly might have had qualms in the matter had he known that for these two suits the lady who had given her professional aid to the parties hoodwinking the Court had been rewarded with presents in cash and jewellery running to over three thousand pounds. And in both suits the professional woman in the case had shielded from the shadow of suspicion the real guilty woman, and in one instance the man who only awaited the arrangement of the divorce to marry the "injured wife"—so "injured" that she paid the fees of the accommodating lady.

THERE is another way in which the professional woman in the case plays into the hands of those anxious to deceive the Divorce Courts. The law requires that there should be actual misconduct on the part of the husband, and in all these hotel cases it is assumed that there has been misconduct simply because the man and the woman have stayed together in the same suite of rooms. Yet in many cases, were the woman called, it could be established that there was no misconduct at all, and that the association with the "guilty" husband was the merest legal fiction, framed deliberately to mislead the Court.

CASES of this kind are common enough, and recently a prominent politician obtained the release he sought through the petition of his wife by the device of accompanying to an hotel an obliging professional woman in the case, who passed the night in an adjoining room in the same suite and departed next morning the richer by a handsome fee. Her "guilty" partner in due course was pilloried in the Court at the instance of his wife for his relations with the woman.

Of the women of this profession called into existence through the hypocrisy of the law, it can be said that, as a rule, they have a code of honour all their own and that it is strictly adhered to. But there are exceptions, as many who have had recourse to them have found to their cost. It is only to be expected that a profession of this sort should attract blackmailers, and those who know the byways of the law are well aware of many instances of systematic blackmailing following on the employment of some of its less "honourable" members.

There was a case in the Courts some time ago where a woman was charged with trying to obtain money from a titled business man by threatening to publish certain facts about him. What the facts were was not disclosed, scarcely even hinted at, during the trial; but there is no doubt that some years before the lady had been employed by the man in her professional capacity as a Divorce Court woman in the case, and that when the decree was made absolute she saw her chance and commenced to blackmail him.

HE paid out for a time, but the demands of the lady became so extravagant that he finally called in the police, and she is now in gaol serving a long sentence. But the divorced man, now married to the lady for whose sake he was a party to a fraud on the Divorce Court, lives in dread lest the woman's release from prison is followed by disclosure of the trick played on the Judge who granted the decree.

The blackmailing is not always the work of the woman who aided and abetted the fraud on the Courts. Occasionally the facts come to the knowledge of professional blackmailers, who know how to turn their discovery to account.

A WEALTHY Anglo-American, whose matrimonial affairs excited a good deal of interest ten years ago, thought himself cheaply freed from the marriage tie on the suit of his wife by payment of a five hundred pounds fee to a lady companion obtained for him through a solicitor, until he discovered that behind the lady there was a gang of blackmailers who have since had to be paid large sums as the price of their silence. The exactions have become such a drain on the resources of even this wealthy man that only his great fear of exposure makes him submit.

AS a rule, these accommodating women do not appear in person in the Courts, their presence at a certain hotel being merely sworn to by the usual hotel witnesses or by private detectives who are part of the machinery for securing divorce by fraudulent and often perjured evidence. There are, however, women in the profession who are ready, if necessary, to go into Court and bear witness to their own "guilt" in consideration of the fees they exact. Of course, were it the practice to require the evidence of these ladies on oath in the Divorce Court, even the most accommodating Judge could not fail to be struck with the frequency with which the same woman appeared.

IN at least one of these cases the lady was undoubtedly guilty of the grossest perjury, and had the Judge been a little more critical it could not have escaped his observation that when she swore to being the companion of the respondent on a challenged date, she had conveniently forgotten that only the previous week she had sworn to being at that time at an entirely different hotel with an entirely different man!

On the fringe of this profession there is a class of women who do not observe what a somewhat cynical barrister has called the honourable traditions of an honourable profession, for she does not devote herself and her peculiar talents entirely to the work of cheating the Divorce Court into breaking marriage bonds under false pretences. Such women are ready to lend themselves to the framing of false charges against men—either for purposes of blackmail or to enable wives to rid themselves of unwanted husbands. It is the practice of women of this type to frequent hotels and the better-class boarding-houses for the purpose of scraping acquaintance with likely victims.

THE less reputable solicitors who prepare Divorce Court cases are aware of the existence of this class of woman, and they are not above employing her if occasion arises. There is only too much reason to believe that in many cases where wives have been granted divorces the husband has been deliberately trapped into a compromising position by one of these ladies, whose fees range from fifty to five thousand pounds, according to their own or their client's status, or the value she attaches to freedom from the marriage yoke. Here, again, insistence on the lady's appearance in Court would help to check this abuse of the law, but might not do away with it altogether, because of the difficulty that arises when the woman is ready to admit that she is living a loose life and that it was in the way of her profession that she made the acquaintance of the man.

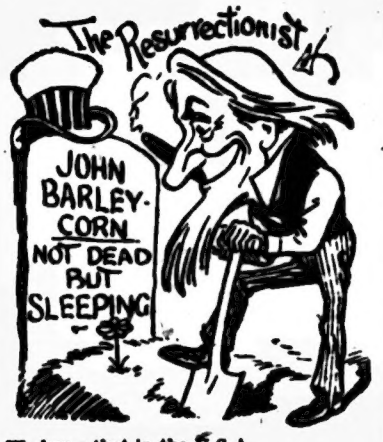
LAST Term a case of this kind was listed for hearing, but suddenly withdrawn—it being suggested that the wife had decided to give the husband another chance. The truth was that the "woman in the case" had been recognised as one who had played the rôle too often, and knowing that the facts were bound to come out, the "injured" wife thought it better to put up with her injuries and at the same time to pay the expenses of the other woman, who is now "taking the cure" at a Continental resort.

SHYLOCK—1922; BUT WHERE IS PORTIA?

[It is being suggested that the creditors of poor Europe must forgo their pound of flesh if Europe is to live.]

Our Weekly KINEMA

We made a peace with Germany,
And when we get the chance
Our next endeavour ought to be
To make a peace with France.



We knew that in the U.S.A.
John Barleycorn was slain;
But now they're going (so people say)
To dig him up again.

If we would stump up all our gold
Our ills would then be fewer,
For that—by bankers we are told—
Would prove the "sovereign" cure.

Our statesmen all have books to do,
And big rewards they're bringing;
Now Asquith's going to write one too,
There will be [illegible]

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James's Palace, S.W.

SIR,—On October 7th you are to visit the Alexandra Palace to review 45,000 Boy Scouts. While you are there would you kindly ask the Governors when the Palace is likely to be re-opened to the public? For three years they have been negotiating with the Government, but there is still no sign of a happy ending. A word from your Royal Highness might do the trick. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER,
Vicar of St. Jude's, Hampstead.

DEAR MR. BOURCHIER,—I am glad to have your support in my crusade against Magistrates who habitually inflict trivial fines on callous brutes convicted of cruelty to animals. While disregard of the sacred rights of property, like robbing an orchard of sixpenny worth of apples, is visited with a savage sentence of imprisonment, the torturer of the pony or the cow gets off with a paltry fine. It is all wrong, and we must see it put right. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. WALTER ALGAR,
26, Maxwell Road, Fulham.

MADAM,—You have had more than your fair share of sorrow, and I hope you will allow me to express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of your husband in the Gravesend railway disaster. During the war, although he was several years over age, he joined up with the Middlesex Regiment in order to avenge the death of your son, Arthur. Fighting gallantly, he was wounded and gassed, but survived—only to meet a violent death in this deplorable accident. If anyone deserved a peaceful old age it was he, but the control of our destinies is ever an inscrutable process. JOHN BULL.

To the COMMISSIONER of POLICE,
Scotland Yard.

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the increasing number of cases where people are roughly handled by the police in the process of arrest. That of Ernest Simmons is one in point. When taken to Dalston Police Station on a charge of being drunk and disorderly he was found to be suffering from an injury to the nose, and two witnesses said they had seen the man kicked and punched. Yet the obvious course of confronting these witnesses with the policeman involved was not followed, and no effort was made to clear the matter up. This state of things is discreditable and points to a lack of discipline. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. O. CHENEY,
Vicar of Clapham, Bedfordshire.

SIR,—The local Boy Scouts paraded to your church, and you made the lads as uncomfortable as you could by giving them a piece of what, I suppose, you call your mind. You said that the Sabbath should be "kept holy," and that they "should not go about making a noise and disturbing villagers." As some of your parishioners, more broadminded than yourself, were entertaining these young visitors to tea, you raised objections to that kindly act by saying that you never entertained on Sundays. What effect do you think such a flow of kill-joyism is likely to have on growing boys? Do not delude yourself that it will make church-goers of them.
JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Gen. BRAMWELL BOOTH,
Salvation Army.

So it is a hundred years since your fine old father started the Salvation Army. With some of your methods I disagree, but your social work is splendid. So go on and prosper. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BRAITHWAITE, J.P.,
Chairman of Magistrates, Bishop Auckland.

SIR,—I recently had to address your Bench on their shameful leniency in a case of cruelty to a pony. I find the same callous indifference disclosed in connection with an unprovoked and ferocious assault made by Enoch Griffiths upon Mr. Joseph Nicholson, Secretary of the Eldon Lane Workmen's Club. Mr. Nicholson has been permanently injured, and you yourself described the assault as a particularly bad one—and yet you let the ruffian Griffiths off with a 40s. fine! Are you and your colleagues afraid to do your duty? JOHN BULL.

To Miss CHRISSIE WHITE,
c.o. Messrs. Hepworth, 2 Deanman Street, W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—According to you, American actresses are being imported to pose as British girls in British films, and you apparently support the story that London is rapidly becoming a suburb of Los Angeles. If such were the case it would indeed be a scandal, but I cannot believe it. Some American artistes have no doubt been employed over here, just as British actors and actresses have found remunerative work in America, but the alleged invasion of our film studios is much exaggerated.
JOHN BULL.

To Major-General Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, M.P.,
Vere Lodge, Raynham, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I have been expecting for some time to hear from you in reply to the accusation of the Government that in visiting Turkey you had broken a solemn pledge. You now deny the accusation, and complain that Lord Curzon insulted you by refusing you a passport. You felt, however, that it was your duty to use your influence to bring about peace between Greece and Turkey, and you acted accordingly. I admire your pluck, and I hope your efforts were not wasted. The Foreign Office attitude towards you has been inexplicable throughout—but, as you know, there's no accounting for Curzon! JOHN BULL.

To J. W. GLENISTER, Esq. (of New York),
Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see you have entered the lists against the pernicious Pussyfoot, and that you are out to beat the "long-faced Annies and dry-rags." But why not conduct your campaign in your own country, where it is wanted? We are not in the least likely to adopt Prohibition over here, and preaching to the converted is simply wasting your time.
JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. DEAN INGE, D.D.
The Deanery, St. Paul's, E.C.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—It is bad news that St. Paul's is sinking and that it is necessary to ask the public to subscribe £100,000. May I make a suggestion? Although the post of Dean is remunerated as a full-time job, you find yourself able to do a good deal of journalism in addition. Why not devote the proceeds of this second string to the Restoration Fund? JOHN BULL.

Telegram
To Sir HARRY LAUDER.

Your indignation that the Highland soldier is no longer equipped with the sporran and bonnet will no doubt find an echo in all true Scottish hearts. But dinna forget that the Jocks fought uncommonly well without them. JOHN BULL.

Telegram to Miss PHYLLIS WHITNEY,
Carbrook Church Girls' Cricket Club, Sheffield.

Though only fifteen you have made 107 not out, taken nine wickets for one run, and knocked a wicket-keeper unconscious. Stunning cricket like this should one day get you into the Yorkshire Eleven.
JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL" insurance claims are paid PROMPTLY.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The Sin of Rebellion.

SOONER or later law and order will have to be restored in Ireland. Anarchy and civilisation are bad stable companions, and Great Britain simply cannot afford the luxury of a bear garden at its back door. Upon this point there are hardly two opinions, and the suggestion sometimes heard that for the future, whatever happens, Ireland should be left to "stew in her own juice" is the language of exasperation rather than of sober reason.

Since the Treaty the English people have hoped against hope that with Home Rule in their hands the Irish leaders would contrive to set their own house in order and banish the terror which since the rebellion of 1916 has held the nation in its frenzied grip. But with the removal almost at a single blow of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, the most sanguine friends of Ireland may well tremble for her fate.

It is not a moment for pessimism, but rather for a calm recognition of the fact that if the Irish Free State fails in its primary task of restoring order and bringing the assassins to book, that duty will lie finally with the Imperial Government. It is hard to forecast the future, and we may still hope for the best. If the new Irish leaders succeed in stamping out rebellion and converting treason into loyalty, Home Rule will have been justified and history will respect the wisdom of its pioneers.

But let us not delude ourselves. If the chosen leaders of the Irish people fail, we shall have to take up their broken task and, cost what it may, vindicate the rule of law.

If Ireland were at the Antipodes instead of three hours' journey from our shores, the case would be different; but, for weal or for woe, she is part and parcel of the British Empire, within whose wide bounds there is no room for anarchy. Rebellion can be excused only where tyrants rule. In a land of ordered liberty it is the chief of crimes.

Saved from the Scaffold.

THE nation has nothing to be proud of in the case of Elsie Florence Yeldham, the young married woman under sentence of death who was reprieved last week on the advice of the Home Secretary. It is a pity to waste time discussing whether or not women murderers should be hanged; to this relatively unimportant question reason returns one answer and sentiment another, and there's an end of it. But a far more urgent matter is to consider with unbiased mind how our vaunted twentieth century civilisation treated Elsie Yeldham.

It seems that this unhappy girl, born of parents who were chronic drunkards, was brought up in the depths of squalor, and seldom if ever sent to school. As a result, those who have visited her in Holloway Gaol now state that her mind at the age of twenty-two is like that of a child of ten. Whether or not if she had been a man instead of a woman Mr. Shortt would have directed an inquiry into her mental condition, as he notoriously did in the case of Ronald True and shamefully failed to do in the case of the poor boy Jacoby, may reasonably be doubted. But for the accident of her sex, this outcast of society would probably have gone to the scaffold. Her execution would have been the culminating act in a drama of injustice.

At her trial at the Central Criminal Court she was not represented by counsel, and Mr. Justice Shearman, who ought in the circumstances to have protected her interests in every respect, actually failed to inform her that she had the right to make a statement on her own behalf. Such facts as might have been urged in the woman's favour were never even put to the jury. It is doubtful if she ever rightly understood the enormity of the charge against her, while the fact that she had no one to cross-examine for her on the evidence tendered by the prosecution still further aggravated her plight.

It is true that the circumstances were afterwards reviewed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, who seem to have been satisfied that if the case had been properly tried the result would have been the same, but this does not affect the gravamen of our charge. It is a scandal that a murder trial in this country should be shuffled through in this slovenly fashion, and we have nothing but the sternest condemnation for all concerned.

Birth Control.

OF all highbrows and unpractical idealists the medical variety is surely the worst. A rare specimen of the species is Dr. H. Vercoe, who, writing in a medical journal, pleads for a reconsideration of the whole question of birth control. In this delicate matter Dr. Vercoe entirely denies the right of private judgment. Broadly, he suggests that a committee of doctors should be established in each district and that married couples desiring to practise birth control should apply to this committee for its august permission.

The doctors in solemn conclave would decide how many children each couple should have and at what intervals it was desirable they should make their appearance in this interesting world. The sale of contraceptives, if we understand Dr. Vercoe aright, is to be under the control of this committee, under a system analagous to that now governing the sale of morphia and cocaine. Perhaps some day, if we all go mad, something of the kind will come into force, but meanwhile we can afford to smile.

Only on a single point do we find ourselves in agreement with Dr. Vercoe, and that is when he calls for the "suppression of indiscriminating propaganda on birth control by irresponsible lay persons." In particular we should like to see a stop put to the unrestricted sale of such publications as those of Dr. Marie Stopes. The fact that their sale has been banned throughout the United States of America is in itself a sufficient indication of their quality, and it is high time our own police authorities took action to prevent the dissemination of these unclean prints.

Penal Schools.

IN a powerful article last week, Mr. Thomas Burke called attention to the prevalence of flogging in reformatory institutions. It is right that this scandal should be exposed, although it represents but one count only in the indictment against these penal establishments. The truth is that the "Reformatory School" has sailed for a generation under false colours; its highly respectable name has tended to stifle criticism and to shield abuses of the most appalling kind. Scarcely less savage in their discipline are the so-called Industrial Schools.

A large section of the public, we fear, are under the amiable delusion that these institutions are conducted upon humane and scientific lines, and that they are a powerful engine for the reclamation of erring youth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The reformatory system has time after time been condemned by the highest educational authorities, while it is notorious that a large proportion of habitual offenders received their early training and instruction within the walls of these penal schools.

As with the Borstal method, so with the reformatory system; the idea of reformation has been entirely subordinated to that of punishment. The discipline in vogue is of a most brutal kind, dating from the period when "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was an honoured maxim in almost every English home, and the more so from the fact that it is carried out behind barred doors by men whom a brutal system has brutalised.

If it could be proved that all, or even the majority, of the children sent to these institutions were hardened little reprobates whom gentler methods would fail to influence, we should still plead for a recognition of the fact that, in any circumstances, the torture of a child at the hands of an adult is a cowardly business of which any decent man or woman should be ashamed. The fact that the offences punished in this way are often of the most trivial kind is one to which upholders of this barbarous system might well direct their minds.

The Puritan Scowl.

THE kill-joy brigade, headed by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who in his old age seems to have learned very little wisdom, are up in arms against the decision of the London County Council to allow games in the public parks on Sundays. The trumpery character of this agitation is the measure of their minds. Everyone knows, of course, that games on Sunday afternoons will hurt nobody and do lots of youngsters an infinite amount of good.

But that counts for nothing with your modern Puritan. Like his predecessors, of whom Macaulay wrote that they objected to bear-baiting "not on account of the pain it gave the bear, but of the pleasure it gave the spectators," he looks upon the innocent pleasures of life as snares set for our moral undoing. For once, however, the kill-joys have been beaten. So let them squeal,

THE BACKBONE OF BRITAIN

by The Rev. JOSEPH DEGEN

IN the "home, sweet home" of to-day parental authority is fast becoming a relic of antiquity, and one which excites mirth rather than veneration. Children do pretty well what they like, and only the feeblest efforts are made by parents to enforce obedience. "Let them go to hell in their own way" sums up the attitude of many fathers and mothers.

The lack of domestic discipline has produced the out-every-night habit, the street-promenading flappers' parade, the youthful craze for thrills and strong excitement, the fed-up-with-everybody-and-everything young man and the you-can't-knock-spots-off-me girl. It is responsible for hundreds of unhappy marriages between minors not yet twenty years of age. It has dethroned the father from his rightful position as the respected and cherished head of the household, and reduced him to the level of a cash-disbursing automaton.

The happy-go-lucky slackness in the family circle is partly a reaction against the children-should-be-seen-but-not-heard principle of earlier days. The chief causes, however, are feminism, birth-control and the unprecedented number of register office marriages. These three social bomb-shells have shaken that oldest of all institutions—the family—to its very foundations. Feminism has introduced two competitive authorities into countless households in place of one undisputed head. While father and mother are crossing swords with one another on the question of sex equality and women's rights, it is impossible for the children to learn obedience.

The theory of artificial birth-control, which is now preached from the house-tops, has degraded and bolshevised the parental estimate of children. Child-bearing is looked upon as grotesque ugliness, and as a handicap to tennis and dancing. Children are no longer regarded as priceless gifts from God, to be welcomed with joy and gratitude and educated for eternity as well as for time. Neo-Malthusianism has taught people to consider them as unwanted encumbrances in an over-populated world, and it offers a variety of chemical, mechanical and unnatural methods for thwarting the essential purpose of matrimony. The absence of sacredness and solemnity in a register office marriage places it on a footing not much higher than an agreement between landlord and tenant.

Over and over again the soundest policy lies between two extremes. There is a golden mean between Victorian severity and present-day laxity, and that way lies our social salvation. To parents I would say: Take an active part in the education of your children. Teach them how to pray. Foster in them a love of religion and a love of home. Encourage in your girls the graceful, modest bearing of the Madonna—which is perfectly compatible with outdoor games. Which would you prefer: that your children carry about with them a little hell in their own minds through secret wrong-doing, or that their faces shine with a heavenly radiance bespeaking the innocence, not of ignorance, but of enlightened self-restraint? Compulsory education laws do not release you from your own responsibilities, and consanguinity gives you a pull over your own offspring that is absolutely incommunicable to others.

THE HORRORS OF HANGING

Barbarous Relic of a Bygone Age

By An Ex-Warder

THERE are organisations for the prevention of cruelty to animals—surely the time has arrived for the abolition of that monstrosity, the Public Executioner.

People of to-day read with avidity every detail of a gruesome murder story, but few give a passing thought to the executioner.

What type of man, what hideous shape in human form, goes to the making of a Public Executioner?

Some idea can be gained from the reply which one of them sent to a Sheriff who had upon his hands a murderer who had to be despatched some three months ago: "I will make a good job of it," he wrote, "for £10."

What if only five pounds had been offered? Would his work have been carried out less efficiently?

It is the duty of the Sheriff to despatch persons sentenced to death. If he cannot find anybody to do the job neatly he must do it himself. He must pay his degraded deputiser. Thus we have a human butcher, who is allowed to barter and haggle over the money he shall receive in payment for taking the life of one of the Creator's poor misguided creatures.

He must have a nerve of iron, a heart of granite, and no soul. He must be able to laugh at the bottle of brandy standing on the table in the Prison Governor's office, placed there for the use of those officials who by law are bound to be witnesses of the execution.

The scaffold usually adjoins the condemned cell, and after an execution we often read: "So-and-So walked firmly to the scaffold."

An old colleague who has attended many executions assured me that he had never been at one where the victim did not either collapse, or was not dragged fighting and screaming to the scaffold.

To deal with such a fearful human drama the Public Executioner must have no need of the brandy provided for the other officials. He needs none; he has no conscience to trouble him; he is of the same temperament as the man who slaughters our daily food in the abattoir. He collects his "blood money" and departs, sometimes straight to another prison where the following morning he will take another poor wretch's life.

After his day's work is done, he eats prodigiously, quaffs numerous pints of beer and sleeps soundly at night.

It is sometimes the case, when an executioner grows old and has to hand his post over to one of his assistants, that a revulsion of feeling passes over him as old age and death face him in his turn; he becomes fanatically religious. And no wonder!

It is time Capital Punishment was swept away, or if it is impossible to find a new deterrent for persons of homicidal tendencies, let us have the final penalty inflicted in a humane method by a medical expert.

DISHONOURING A DEAD HERO

Insult to the Memory of Sir Henry Wilson

SCARCELY had the first shock of horror occasioned by the cowardly assassination of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson died down than it became apparent that there was a vociferous, if not very large, body of opinion in this country which not only condoned the dastardly deed, but was prepared to go to any length to vilify the great soldier's memory.

Despite the almost universal execration which was evoked by the crime, nearly forty-five thousand persons were found willing to put their signatures to a petition for the reprieve of the murderers.

There were others, again, who seized the occasion to vent their spleen on the dead man in the most shameless manner. Such expressions as "Served him right—he was a rotter!" or "It's a wonder he wasn't shot before, the swine!" may not have appeared in the papers, but they were heard in the public-houses.

These were not the expressions of Irish fanatics, engendered by deep-rooted political hatred, but of English working men, sedulously cultivated by seditious and traitorous Communists.

This campaign of calumny has culminated, incredible though it may appear, in connection with the last impressive public duty performed by the late Field-Marshal.

It will be remembered that he was murdered in cold blood as he returned from unveiling a memorial to the employees of the Great Eastern Railway Company who fell in the war.

Under the heading "G.E.R.—and Wilson," the following disgraceful letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Communist*:—

> Dear Sir,—I am of opinion that the readers of the *Communist* would like to acquaint themselves with the circular that the G.E.R. is sending out to its staff.
>
> I can assure you that it is not the general wish of my fellow-workers that we should place a tablet to the memory of General Wilson at their expense, while the Government can only give their fallen comrades a lump of wood with R.I.P. written across it.—Yours faithfully, "Worker."

We cannot believe that this represents the feeling of the men generally.

The Great Eastern Railway employees would do well to repudiate this disgraceful insult to the memory of the dead Field-Marshal and their own honoured dead.

A FOREIGN FLY-TRAP

Scheme to Catch British Literary Flats

AN advertisement appeared recently in a London "daily," offering remunerative appointments to people willing to become correspondents for the American papers, application to be made to the Foreign Correspondence Service, of 14, rue du Général Foy, Paris.

Those who answered the advertisement received from one Henry Altimus, "Editor," a stencilled letter inviting them to join the band of correspondents needed immediately to supply interviews, feature articles and general human interest stories for some sixty periodicals in the United States.

A clever amateur, working only in his spare time, was to earn two or three pounds weekly.

Those who declared their willingness to engage in this remunerative work received a second stereotyped letter expressing the opinion that the applicant would prove a useful member of the staff—this even when no specimens of literary work had been sent. The Foreign Correspondence Service undertook to go to any amount of expense to prepare the copy of the amateur and forward it to seventy American newspapers, and all for a paltry ten per cent. deducted from the avalanche of cheques he might expect.

But then there was a fatal final paragraph—the powder in the jam. Each applicant, "as an assurance of good faith," was asked to share to the extent of a guinea in the initial outlay to be incurred for mailing his *approved* copy to American papers!

"You ought to be willing to invest one guinea's worth of faith in yourself," says Henry Altimus. Yes, but not in *you*, dear exponent of this new variant of the old confidence trick.

THE "DUMB BEASTS'" CRY

Cruelty that Poisons our Meat

by THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON

THERE are few questions at present before the public which can compare in importance with that of slaughter-house reform.

There is the cruelty of killing animals by old-fashioned and inefficient methods, there is the insanitary condition of the slaughter-houses and consequent contamination of the meat, there is the wholesale poisoning of the meat itself by subjecting the animals to totally unnecessary suffering and distress.

WE rightly pride ourselves on the advance we have made in animal protection. But in this matter our country is behind many others. In Switzerland, Sweden and even Germany a mechanically-operated stunning instrument is in general use, whereas with us it is the pole-axe which is employed for the larger animals and the knife for the smaller ones. The use of the pole-axe in killing large animals is objectionable because it often happens that the slaughterman strikes in the wrong place, and many blows are frequently delivered before the animal is brought down.

THE use of the knife without previous stunning is objectionable, because consciousness of pain continues while the spinal cord and brain remain uninjured. But it is not only the actual act of killing that is cruel; the manner in which cattle are driven to the point of death by kicks and blows and tail-twisting inflicts endless suffering. The horrible practice of killing one animal in front of another, of forcing them into slaughter-houses streaming with blood and amid the reeking carcasses of the newly-slain, cannot be defended by anyone who lays claim to a spark of humanity. Pigs and calves are often hung up alive by their legs and then stuck and bled to death.

I READ the other day in a journal devoted to the interests of the meat trade that there are 20,000 owners of private slaughter-houses in this country. There should be no *private* slaughter-houses, for privacy and secrecy always encourage carelessness and abuse. There is at present no law enforcing methods of humane killing as the standard for the whole country. There are no schools for slaughtermen, boys and inexperienced men practise on the living animal. Generally speaking, anyone may kill as he pleases and how he pleases.

Recently I saw four bullocks killed by the Jewish method in the largest slaughter-house in London, and the conditions were utterly revolting.

THE all-important point is that this suffering can be abolished by the use of humane *mechanically-operated* killers — of which there are now several excellent patterns on the market—and the introduction of proper methods of driving and fixing the animals. Such complete reform involves the institution of public abattoirs, where all the killing operations are under the constant supervision of Inspectors, and where the building arrangements are such that the killing halls are large and spacious and the floors made of material that can be washed clean, so that living animals need not be driven—or made to stand as I saw the other day—on a floor covered with blood.

There can be no doubt that the meat of a bullock or other animal that has been terrified and has fought for its life amidst the usual scenes of the private slaughter-house is a danger to the health of those who eat it. Such meat is known in the trade as "fevered."

BUT, first of all, and before far-reaching reforms can be carried out, we need a short Act of Parliament making humane killing obligatory throughout the country. Such a measure has been drafted and is being promoted by the Animal Defence Society, of 35, Old Bond Street, W. The proposed legislation has already received considerable Parliamentary support, and I shall be glad to hear, at the above address, from anyone who is willing to support this crusade for mercy to helpless animals, which is also of vital importance to suffering humanity.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to be able to say that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is a canting hypocrite, an out-and-out humbug, a second Stiggins. To me he stands for everything that is most obnoxious in the public life of to-day. I would infinitely rather write about him as a disease than as a man. It is, therefore, with considerable reluctance that I have to admit his sincerity, his moral zeal, his unimpeachable integrity.

He is mad, of course. All these zealots for ruthless reform are. But he is, personally, the mildest of madmen. In free-and-easy talk with him, you would say that the man was the most harmless of tea-party acquaintances. He has that quiet emphatic manner of speech common to all Americans who spout—*i.e.*, to all Americans. And a gleam of child-like humour here and there puts the veriest suspicion of his fundamental idiocy clean out of your head. In short, while nothing about him suggests the fanatic, plenty about him suggests the fantastic.

THE one really curious thing about him is his confidence. He never doubts for a moment that by turning on the tap of eloquence he will eventually turn off the tap of liquor. He believes this just as naturally as we believe Christmas is coming.

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON

Nothing can shake his belief. If you challenge it, he will smile at you rather pityingly, and explain, in the manner one adopts to a child who wants to know why it can't have a fourth helping, that you have no standard of comparison. "If only," he will say, "you could see the mental and moral improvement, the great advance in efficiency, of those States in America that have 'gone dry,' you would laugh at your own question."

ALL of which sounds very nice, but I should want to have a very clear definition of what he calls mental and moral improvement before I even consented to argue on that ground. The questions of improvement and efficiency, however, do not affect the real issue at stake, *viz.*, that no group of people should have the right to meddle with the innocent pleasures of any other group.

The wild assumption of the Pussyfootites that drinking means drunkenness is not worth discussion; but even if it could be proved that alcohol in ordinary doses is harmful, the case in favour of its abolition is no stronger than that in favour of the abolition of football and racing on the ground that footballers are frequently ruptured and jockeys are sometimes maimed. Life is full of risks, from doctors to politicians, and reasonable drinking is about the least serious of the bunch.

THE whole tendency of modern legislation is to favour the imposition of the will of the minority on that of the majority. Unless we, the majority, wake up, we'll shortly be deprived of the little freedom we have left by the Lady Astors and all the other cranks in the universe. "Man was born free," said a famous theorist over a century ago. Was he? Not if Mr. Johnson knows it!

But I must repeat that he is a serious and straight-dealing man, and it would be foolish to treat him as a cross between a Methodist parson and George Robey. We must acknowledge his uprightness, and remember that it makes him all the more dangerous.

Heartless Swindlers

by CLIVE NORTON

IT is an achievement in philosophy, and a mark of a happy disposition, to speak of people as we find them, to trust them until we find them out.

That is one way to make the world better than we found it. No man has succeeded in life if he goes through it soured and suspicious and cynical, and missing its simple pleasures through craven fears of its pitfalls.

At the same time we ought to recognise that there is a difference between simplicity, which is the generous and unaffected outlook on life, and simple-mindedness, which declines to believe in the existence of guile, even when the evidence is ample.

There are many people in this world who are simple-minded in this sense, and who fall easy victims to the vultures of modern society, always ready to prey on the defenceless. Nor is there any class harder to help. They are repeatedly duped by the card-sharper, the confidence-trick man, the bogus company promoter, the gold brick rogue and the fraudulent advertiser who offers something for next to nothing.

There are some people whom it seems almost hopeless to warn. Where stupidity is obstinate, little can be done for it. Other cases are more provocative of sympathy.

Among them are the cases of the poor people anxious to earn a little, and eager to answer advertisements that promise a reward for labour. Scotland Yard is at present investigating a series of heartless swindles of this kind.

The Maison Francais, 12, Upper Richmond Road, Mortlake, is a typical example of mean and cruel fraud. It advertised for knitters, and promised work, in return for a £1 deposit as against wool supplied. The applicants parted with their sovereigns; the advertiser disappeared.

One word of advice.—If an advertiser asks for cash in advance in consideration of prospective benefits, have nothing to do with him. Make that a golden rule. It will prevent regrets and save money.

FOLLY OF DIRECT ACTION

by

A. G. GARDINER

I REJOICE that Mr. Clynes sat down so heavily and so promptly, at the General Workers' Conference on Mr. Tillett's proposal that Labour should "down tools" in order to bring the statesmen to their senses and Europe to peace. It is a desirable end. I want it as much Mr. Tillett wants it. But this is not the way to get it. It is calling in Satan to cast out Beelzebub, and that is what Satan never does. Stopping the English railways won't bring European peace any more than getting up a riot in Bermondsey will put out a fire in Chancery Lane.

The idea that Labour can usefully influence political action by "downing tools" is now so discredited that even Mr. Tillett ought to know better. The right of Labour to strike is inalienable. It is Labour's protection against the aggression of Capital. It is sometimes unwisely and disastrously used, just as the power of Capital is sometimes unwisely and disastrously used. But Labour without it would be Labour enslaved, and that would be not only unjust to Labour but ruinous to industry.

But the strike is an economic weapon, not a political weapon. It is meant to deal with a specific grievance in a specific trade. To apply it to the affairs of government is like blowing up a boiler in a Dreadnought to exert pressure on the Church Congress.

I don't like this Government. I think it is the worst Government this country has had since the eighteenth century. But we elected it, and we can turn it out. But we have not elected Mr. Tillett or even Mr. Clynes, and we cannot cashier them. They have no more authority to coerce the Government by calling on their men to down tools than they have to change the Ten Commandments or the laws of cricket.

The doctrine of direct action is a doctrine of anarchy. It would substitute for Parliamentary government government by paralytic shocks administered without regard to consequence. Parliamentary government can be bad, as we know; but the worst Parliament would be better than Mr. Tillett shouting "down tools" whenever he felt disposed.

Labour has most to gain by standing by the Parliamentary institution and by the principle of representative government. It is the most powerful element in the State, and has a more effective influence on the choice of Parliament than any other factor of the community. Its interest is to work through Parliament for its political ends, and to leave its trade unions to deal with its economic affairs.

This does not mean that Labour cannot work outside Parliament for its larger ideals of international peace. I should like to see a confederation of all the Labour movements of the world against the institution of war. But if it is going to be an instrument of wise government, Labour must have nothing to do with the anarchic policy of "down tools."

TAMPERING W

by HARO

"JUSTICE consists in punis protecting the innocent, a rudderless ship adrift in a t statesmen and 'leaders,' who become victims of the demoralise

HAROL

LET us, for once in a way, go in for a little heart-searching and stock-taking. Let us make an effort to see ourselves, and what we are doing, as other generations will see us.

For nearly a decade the newspapers have been giving us, you may almost literally say, a fresh shock at every breakfast, and have recorded more momentous events than any one century has hitherto provided, so that the destinies of mankind are being changed before our eyes.

Yet it is not the events themselves that matter—they are merely symptoms. What really matters, what is really causing the vast human upheaval of the modern world, is the change in human thought, the amazing and destructive energy of new *ideas*. So let us try to get away from ourselves far enough to see things in their right perspective and proportion, so that we may see how one new idea, at any rate, is working out. Let us ask at least one searching question among the many that should press upon us: Is the whole idea of human justice changing and decaying? If it is, then the human race is changing and decaying, too.

A FEW days ago I marked this passage in a London paper:—

> M. Poincaré is an intellectual laggard. He is behind the times. To reopen now the question of punishment is not merely unwise—it is out of date and irrelevant.

On the face of it, that passage is merely a harmless, slightly controversial point of view on a current political issue, such as may be found by the dozen in the leading articles every day in the week. Actually, it is a passage of tremendous importance, because it represents a prevalent belief that justice, and not merely punishment, is out of date.

M. Poincaré, in any case, has not been asking for punishment, but for the collection of a debt; and if punishment enters into the question, he may very properly remind us that France was "punished" with a vengeance. But what the writer really means, though he avoids saying so, is that *Justice* is out of date, and that those who believe in justice are back numbers and "behind the times," and that [the world is now not only prepared, but eager, to forgive even where there is no repentance, and to forget in any case. It may be so—but if it is so, then one thing is certain: that the world has become demoralised.

YET the evidence is very strong, in Britain especially, that demoralisation is actually far advanced, for it is in Britain that this contemptuous idea of justice is most pronounced. It first showed itself in the early days of the war, when the cry was raised that when the war was over we must "do justice to Germany" by not doing justice *upon* her. The word justice was still used, but it was held to mean the reverse of punishment, and to imply only the duty of letting people off. All sense of the retributive side and meaning of justice was lost, and gradually the idea grew that justice was the same thing as vengeance, and that therefore justice was reprehensible, until we can now truly say that in many minds justice really has become "irrelevant and out of date."

So the question arises, is that a good or a bad thing for humanity? And that question can be answered by merely looking at the practical results that are following from this modern precept and discovery that there is a higher ethic than justice, and that the world will become a better place if great public crimes that have debased mankind go utterly unpunished.

LET us, first of all, apply that theory not only to wholesale and public crimes, but to the private and retail crimes of individuals. How would it work then? If it is the higher morality to forgive nations whose victims are numbered by the million, it must also be the higher morality to forgive private criminals whose victims (of theft, outrage or murder) are limited to individuals. Yet, why is it not yet proposed, except among those "progressive" and anarchical minds that are obviously on the border line of insanity, that the private murderer should be absolved from justice because punishment is irrelevant and out of date?

The only reason why is that the whole nonsense of this demoralised idea of justice would then be exposed. Advertise to-morrow that henceforth no man shall be hanged for murder, and murder will become so common that to be on the safe side we shall all have to go armed. Advertise to-day that, no matter how great may be the public crimes of nations or political organisations, no penalty shall be asked for, no "out of date" punishment shall be awarded, no nation shall suffer in the general esteem of mankind—and you will be extending a very cordial invitation to barbarism to get busy. Ask the Bolshevists to Genoa, insist on their staying to lunch, tel

WITH JUSTICE

…LD OWEN

…ing the guilty no less than in … and if civilisation seems now like … turbulent ocean, it is because our … are the trustees of justice, have … idea that justice is out of date."

…LD OWEN

them that you are most anxious to be their friends—and you will do much more to popularise Bolshevism than to discourage it.

Tell Europe that we are all one unit, so that no matter how depraved one nation may be we must open our arms to it, and no matter how bankrupt a nation may be, solely through its own wicked action, we must "pool our resources" and help it—and you will certainly have "a new Europe," but it will be a much worse Europe than the old.

In short, proclaim to nations that have slain and destroyed that you will not let such trifles stand in the way of your ideal of the brotherhood of man, and you will achieve, not the ideal, but the realistic and repulsive fact of a brotherhood of barbarism.

Test this theory of justice being out of date by seeing what it has actually accomplished. There *was* a question of punishing Germany—there is now no question of punishing her. Her agents committed atrocious crimes—they have escaped all punishment by being left to try themselves. Her armies committed vast destructions—she is now to be eased and accommodated in paying for even a fraction of them. In short, we have met great crimes by great absolutions and condonations; we are meeting vast destructions by paying for them ourselves. And according to the theory that we have discovered something higher and better than justice, the world should now be settling down nicely to its millennial ecstasies. *Actually, we are discussing the next war*, with nothing to prevent it but a lath-and-plaster League of Nations that would fall to pieces at the first harsh breath.

LET us next consider what would have happened if the old and not the new idea of justice had prevailed. Suppose that the Allies, instead of *minimising* the crime of the war by almost asking Germany to pardon them for the disagreeable necessity and impoliteness of defeating her, had *emphasised* the crime of the war by taking the other, the sterner and the saner, view. Suppose that the Kaiser really had been hanged. Suppose that the Allies had then methodically taken every department of frightfulness in turn—the poison gas department, the bombing of sleeping cities from the air, the savage ill-treatment of prisoners, the sinking of passenger and hospital ships by submarine—and had quite relentlessly and dispassionately done justice upon the responsible heads of every organised infraction of the rules of war.

Can any sane man doubt that if this had been done, the world would now be a much more wholesome place to live in? Can he doubt that we should *not* now be talking of the "next" war, and of the super-planes that will annihilate London with a deadly gas in a couple of hours? And if the League of Nations had then been reared on that solid rock of achieved justice, can anyone doubt that it might then have stood like granite, whereas it is now sinking into a morass of cant and insincerity?

AND at this point comes a strange interruption of my article, and an unexpected confirmation of its whole moral, in the news of the murder by ambush of Michael Collins. What is the meaning of that culmination of Ireland's feckless tragedy if it is not that when Justice is baffled and defeated, as it has been in Ireland for many a long day, a fire is lit which cannot be put out even by those who fed it, and who at length may be consumed by it? Two months ago, and six months after that Treaty which was to bring peace to Ireland, Cardinal Logue, silent during years of terror and outraged justice, bewailed the "chaos and confusion" that had become intensified by Ireland's "freedom," and denounced—too late—the reign of lawlessness; "a curse seems to have fallen on the people."

IT is a curse that has not fallen, but has been thrust, upon almost all the peoples of the earth—the curse that comes when men in high places and with great responsibilities tamper with the sacred idea of human justice. For justice consists in punishing the guilty no less than in protecting the innocent, and if civilisation seems now like a rudderless ship adrift in a turbulent ocean, it is solely because our statesmen and "leaders," who are the trustees of justice, have themselves become the victims of this demoralised idea that justice is out of date and irrelevant. They do not see that that which keeps mankind morally wholesome is that strict assertion of justice which insists on a man or a nation being held responsible for his or its own acts. They do not see that, so far from retributive justice being out of date, it is eternally true that there can be no law without penalty. Abolish the penalty and you shatter the law. Say that justice is out of date, and it is Civilisation, and not M. Poincaré, that becomes a back number.

BIRTH-RATE AND EMPIRE

by

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY

WE own, but do not occupy, we police, but do not people, an empty Empire.

Let Canada join the United States, let the Japanese occupy Queensland, and let us be comfortable, some say. But for those who regard the British Empire as precious for itself and for mankind, the argument it provides against the trend of the birth-rate is irresistible.

I know the case for the cruelly harassed mother in our cities, with inadequate means, a house made to make labour—her work never done. I know the case of the father who loses all peace when a second child becomes his, or who cannot obtain a house in which to live, or who loses his job, or cannot obtain one, because he *is* a father. Let us even say that the structure of our society is such that the case against parenthood as a practical and properly-to-be-required thing, is overwhelming—let us admit that young people who refrain from parenthood are wholly justified. Granted all that, the fact remains that, for lack of men and women, our Empire, as things are going, cannot endure. In our mighty Dominions, the cry is for population. The temporary rise of the birth-rate after the war was acclaimed by many as if it meant something real, but the figures for last year have put that delusion right.

Some will say that we should save the babies and that this can be done. The argument is no reply to me, who in 1902 began the campaign in the Press against infant mortality. Babies can be, and are being, saved; but the statistical evidence is perfectly clear that nothing we have done or can do will compensate for what is happening to the birth-rate. In the Census of 1911 we inquired as to parenthood, and the facts were alarming in the highest degree. The professional classes, the successful people, now have a birth-rate which is equivalent, if maintained (and it is not *even* maintained) to their rapid extinction. The illegitimate birth-rate, however, is only too well maintained. Owing to a piece of pitiful official folly, the inquiry about parenthood was not repeated in the census of last year, when, after the appalling losses of the war, it was more important than ever. But on the National Birth-rate Commission we have made special studies of the matter, and there is no doubt that the fatal tendency revealed in 1911 persists.

We pay for all manner of services, why in heaven's name not for the service of maintaining the race, and for the making and care of the childhood which is our future national and imperial all?

This teaching of mine gives grave offence to many, who hate it or fear it. But it is not mine. The law of population-pressure, the law that man is mortal, the law that the earth is for life, and that if one race will not fill it another will—these are the laws of Nature, and those who object to them object to her.

A DASTARDLY DESERTION

Ex-Soldier's Scurvy Conduct

WHEN William Douglas, an ex-soldier, and farrier by trade, married his wife Annie, presumably he vowed to love and cherish her.

For a few months the newly married couple lived happily together. Then one day William suddenly disappeared, leaving his wife in fearful suspense and in complete ignorance of his whereabouts until, several days later, he saw fit to write to her from Aldershot to the effect that he had rejoined the Army for the purpose of getting rid of the responsibility of two boys of whom he was the father by a former marriage.

By this time Annie Douglas was herself expecting a child; but, although deeply grieved by her husband's callous conduct, her maternal instincts were so strong that she sought out the two boys and took them under her care.

This, however, did not suit her husband's book. Through the instrumentality of certain official influence which he was able to enlist, the two lads were taken from his wife and placed in an industrial home.

Having so far succeeded in his plans, William Douglas still further displayed his utter lack of principle and human feeling by writing a letter to his wife in which he declared that his two motherless boys would "never eat a crust of my bread when my time to leave the Army is up"; and pointing out that he would have to stay away from her for a time, as otherwise the industrial home authorities would require him to pay for the support of the children he had foisted on them.

There yet remained one thing, however, in which his wife could be of use to him. He wanted money. "Send me three pounds," he wrote. The anxious woman scraped the cash together and sent it; her reward being a letter a few days later in which he said: "I don't think I could be happy or make you happy by going home."

He was discharged on August 17, 1921, and his deserted wife has heard nothing from him since.

Her allowance automatically ceased on his discharge; and, distracted and faced with starvation, she sought the advice of the N.S.P.C.C., at Dublin. Here nothing could be done for her.

She applied everywhere possible for news. All the information she obtained was something vague to the effect that William Douglas was following his occupation of blacksmith somewhere in Croydon.

What kind of conscience can this man be cursed with? It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when he will be brought to book for his baseness. Meanwhile his poor victims suffer.

DUPED DANCING GIRLS

Callous Yankees' Repudiated Contracts

UNPLEASANT revelations of the methods of prominent American theatrical managers are contained in a disgraceful story of repudiated contracts, involving loss and hardship to a number of English dancing girls.

The following announcement, which occupied half a page of advertising space, appeared in the *Performer*, the official organ of the Variety Artistes' Federation, on April 26th last:—

NOTICE TO ARTISTES.

Mr. Johnson, of Wirth, Blumenfeld and Co., of New York, sailed April 22nd on the "Olympic" for England, with Mr. Shubert.

ARTISTES DESIRING AMERICAN BOOKINGS are invited to communicate with Mr. Johnson, at the Savoy Hotel, London.

The Mr. Shubert referred to was J. J. Shubert, the millionaire partner in Sam S. and Lee Shubert, the famous theatrical firm controlling over 300 American theatres.

Soon after arrival, Johnson paid a visit to Madame Russell, of 90, Charing Cross Road, a well-known trainer of dancers, and said he wanted 110 girls to go to America for Shubert.

This was rather a large order, more than Madame Russell was prepared to carry out by herself, and Johnson eventually asked her to prepare two troupes, of 16 and 12 girls respectively. She accordingly got 40 girls together, and they rehearsed for six hours daily under her direction, Johnson having undertaken to pay for these rehearsals.

It was not until the second week of June that she received contracts. These were made as between Messrs. Shubert and herself, and were signed on behalf of Shubert by Johnson. The agreement provided for the engagement of the girls for 32 consecutive weeks at the Winter Gardens Theatre, New York. The first troupe was to be in New York by July 16th and the second by August 10th.

On June 23rd Shubert himself inspected the girls at rehearsal, and declaring them to be both "candy" and "dandy," selected from their number sufficient to form the troupes.

Then, to the consternation of Madame Russell and the girls, Shubert declared that Johnson was not his manager at all, had nothing to do with him, and had no right to make contracts in his name!

Shubert denied all responsibility, Johnson said Shubert had let him down, and the pair sailed back to America together, leaving Madame Russell with nothing but the repudiated contracts and a sum of £30 for moneys due, and the girls with nothing but aching hearts for all their weeks of toil.

WOEFUL OLD AGE

Fighting to the Last

ONE of the most tragic spectacles imaginable is that of an old man fighting grimly against adversity.

There came to us for advice a few days ago a well-educated and refined man of seventy-two, who complained of his treatment at the hands of the Shepherd's Bush Labour Exchange officials.

In the course of forty-seven years he had served five firms in the capacity of manager. On the outbreak of war his patriotism urged him to take up munitions work. Later, he was transferred to the Army Clothing Department at Pimlico.

Subsequently, after the Armistice, he got casual jobs where he could, moving from place to place in search of work, and usually, by virtue of his experience, obtaining something to do, if only of a temporary nature.

But, as the younger men came back, he was displaced, and for the last three years was almost continuously out of employment.

Finally he was forced to apply for the Dole. After a great deal of trouble with the Shepherd's Bush Labour Exchange, he was granted a small weekly sum. This, however, was stopped last January, and he has since been starving.

For a man of seventy-two, after an honourable and industrious life, to come to such a pass is tragedy indeed.

THE WOMAN PAYS

Convicted Thief and Bradford Inspector

GEORGE FRIER, an Inspector in the Bradford Tramways Company, is not to be envied the scathing comment passed upon him at the local City Police Court.

Edith Bancroft, of 3, Westbrook Terrace, a young married woman, living apart from her husband, was found guilty, upon her own admission, of having stolen fruit, sugar and butter from Wear's Café, where she was employed.

She was seen to take the goods to the office of the Tramway Inspector, and these Frier took from her. When the police appeared, the man denied all knowledge of the matter. The constables searched the premises, and found the butter and also some tins of fruit in a cupboard.

The girl herself said, when confronted with Frier: "It's no use, George, they have followed me here and seen me give you parcels before." But Frier stuck to his story, and the Magistrates, finding that the evidence fell just short of what was necessary, were unable to convict him of receiving stolen goods.

The girl goes to prison for three months; Frier goes back to his position in the Tramway Company. The woman pays.

The Magistrates, whilst not convicting Frier, have put on record their opinion of his conduct and character. They bluntly stated that they did not believe his evidence on oath, and that he had told lies from beginning to end about the matter. The liar goes scot-free, the woman pays.

In some cases, where a married woman commits a crime under the influence of her husband, the law protects her. Edith Bancroft was not Frier's wife; he has a wife and family in the town.

She could not put forward the plea that she acted under the compulsion of a husband. If a man acquires influence over a woman to whom he is not married, she can find no protection in the hour of temptation and difficulty.

"It was possible," said the Stipendiary Magistrate, in passing sentence, "that this woman had been in a measure the victim of somebody else." The victim, if she is a woman, pays.

George Frier, to whom it was stated in evidence Bancroft had for six months regularly handed parcels, resumes duty as though nothing had happened.

Resumes it branded as a liar in a case in which it is left to a possible victim to pay the penalty. Frier must be dead to ordinary sentiments if he does not feel his position as acutely as the woman in gaol.

GRAVESTONE TOUTS

Preying upon Grief

IT is difficult to imagine a character more despicable than that of the man who sees in others' grief a possibility of profit for himself.

That such men exist was proved the other day, when George Bissenden, 27, a stonemason, of Liverpool Road, Islington, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences, and with intent to defraud, from two widows and a bereaved mother.

This human vampire, having learned of the losses sustained by the women, approached them with a proposal to erect tombstones over the graves of their departed.

Deceived by his plausibility, they commissioned him to do the work, advancing him sums totalling £30 8s.

In return for this money he did nothing; and as fifteen similar cases were known against him, it must be admitted that the sentence he is now serving is absurdly light.

Unfortunately, he is not the only one guilty of exploiting the grief of mourners in this base fashion. There are those who even have the almost incredible effrontery to approach with their nefarious proposals sorrow-stricken relatives as they leave the grave into which, with streaming eyes, but a moment before they have watched the remains of their loved one lowered.

Nothing is sacred to the gravestone swindler who can see a chance of turning a dishonest penny.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"CORK EXAMINER":—"'Miss Eily, try!' Peg urged in a SOUNDLESS WHISPER."

"CHURCH TIMES" (advertisement):—"Wanted MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. AGE 25 AND 15."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL":—"Wanted, SQUARE PARROT'S cage."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT":—"From the caravanner's own point of view, perhaps it is just as well that everybody does not indulge in it, for assuredly, IF EVERYBODY DID, they would be an intolerable nuisance to THOSE WHO DID NOT."

"EVENING NEWS":—"There had been a slight drizzle, just enough to wet the surface, and the LIGHT was appallingly WET."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"No CASUALTIES are reported, although a large number of persons are suffering from BROKEN LIMBS and fright."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"The cartridge exploded, blowing the stone into SMALL PIECES, and ALL ARE NOW IN HOSPITAL."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advertisement):—"Lost, 8 STONE LADIES' TORQUISE RING."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"His NEAR OFF-SIDE wheel came in contact with the front part of the tram-car."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

Sir ALFRED MOND.

"I'VE called," announced the Impertinent Interviewer, "to see the Minister of Wealth—er—I mean the Minister of Health." . . .

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Bull," remarked Sir Alfred Mond, when Bertie was shown into his room twenty minutes later; "however, you know, they also serve who only stand and wait."

"The jolly old aphorism may apply to the waiter who serves you with your soup and fish at the Reform Club," replied the Interviewer, "but it seems to me that men who have served their country in the trenches should not have to wait indefinitely for decent houses.

Sir Alfred's eyes twinkled merrily. "It depends," he observed, waggishly, "on what you call a 'decent' house. I should think that men who have lived in dug-outs would feel happy in any sort of a house."

"That remark," began Bertie, "is in the worst poss——"

"Now, now, Mr. Bull," interrupted the Minister, soothingly, "you mustn't mind my having my little joke."

"Well, I'll strike a bargain with you." Bertie told him; "I will try to see the point of your—er—jokes if you will try to see the point of view of the people who are waiting for houses. Frankly, Sir Alfred, as a patter artist, you are not in the same class with George Robey or Mr. Justice Darling. That jest of yours to the effect that newly-married couples should be so happy as not to mind living in one room got you the bird in many quarters."

"I'm accustomed to getting the bird; I have been presented with an entire aviary."

"But, my dear S'ralfred, what *have* you done, apart from cracking jokes and sending out a circular suggesting that fraudulent milk-sellers should not be prosecuted for a first offence? You know, when we were promised 'Homes for Heroes' we did not expect castles in Spain."

"I don't know what you expected," grumbled the Minister; "I can't cause houses to appear by waving my fountain-pen. Where is the money to come from?"

"We taxpayers are under the impression that we've already provided a tidy sum towards the cost, besides paying you a hundred nimble quidlets a week to look after the job. Seeing that you're the most highly-paid builders' foreman in England, we expected better results."

"You take a crude view of the situation," declared the Minister; "as a matter of fact, the housing shortage is greatly exaggerated."

"It may appear so to you, S'ralfred, with your Lowndes Square mansion and your desirable residence in Romsey and your little grey home at Swansea, not to mention that you can always get a bed at the Reform, National Liberal and Royal Automobile Clubs; but if you would emulate Alfred the Great and spend part of your time among the people over whom you help to reign, happy and glorious, you would find——"

"I am sure I would be delighted to do so," exclaimed Sir Alfred, with an extra-special twinkle in his eye, "but if what I hear of my unpopularity is true, in some districts I would run the risk of being presented with yet another house—one brick at a time!"

WAR HEROES IN THE GUTTER

Ex-Officers Haunted by Thoughts of Suicide

THE tragedy of Ralph Lister, the ex-officer who shot himself in the Mall, the great processional way that leads to Buckingham Palace, was but a bubble on the surface of the morass of misery and despair into which many war heroes have sunk.

His was no isolated case. He shot himself because, as he put it so simply in that last pathetic letter of his, "there are no billets for people like me." There are thousands of ex-officers unemployed, hundreds of them are in dire straits, many of them absolutely down and out, homeless and hopeless, sleeping under the stars and dreaming of suicide because the country for which they did so much has no use for them now.

After the Armistice three hundred and fifty thousand officers were demobilised. We have turned over some five thousand letters from ex-officers appealing for work. Among them are many from men with the V.C., the D.S.O., the M.C., men repeatedly mentioned in despatches, men who have even commanded brigades; but after undergoing terrible hardships and suffering in the field, are now starving in the streets and talking of suicide.

After reading some of these letters, we can well understand a distinguished General's words to us: "I see these poor wretches in my sleep!"

One man, who has tramped from town to town for weeks on one small meal a day and spent his last copper, has written: "God knows what will happen next—I dread to think of it all!" He is married, with three little children, and they have had little or nothing to eat for days.

A regular officer, with distinctions, cries for work. "A steward's job will suit me. I'll take *anything* at *any* money!"

A Captain, D.S.O., asks for a job as a butler, valet, barman, groom, gardener, cook, or chauffeur.

A Major who came from the Argentine at the outbreak of war, served in France from 1914 till 1920, and returned to find his business ruined. He came back to London penniless. "I picked that man up on the Embankment," said the General. "He was starving and fearful of the future. He had been working as an agricultural labourer, and his wife—a clever, educated woman—had been engaged as a parlourmaid. He is now at his wits' end. What will become of him I do not know."

Another case, typical of many, is that of a Lieutenant whose partner absconded with the whole of his gratuity. He was found on the Embankment, starving, with the M.C. ribbon on his breast.

A Major who held a good position in a Government office before the war answered his country's call without waiting for permission. In consequence, he was refused re-engagement on his return. He, too, was found among the waifs and strays by the river, but he has since disappeared. Where? It is feared that he has "gone under."

The son of a well-known Bishop, now dead, lost all his money through the malpractices of a partner. He had spent several nights on the Embankment when he was discovered starving and dazed.

We could fill pages with such cases as these, taken from the records of the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour.

It must not be forgotten that most of these ex-officers who are now stranded were young men when they joined up, and the loss of seven years' commercial training is a severe handicap to them. Moreover, they are not eligible—as navvies or manual workers would be—for out-of-work pay under the Unemployment Insurance Acts.

The Appointments Department is doing its best for them, but it is to be feared that employers generally do not realise the desperate plight of many cultured men who have nothing to do but to brood in despair over their misfortunes and their country's ingratitude.

Must more of them be driven to suicide before the nation's conscience is aroused?

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Tozer" (Southsea), 2s.; "Ninth," 8d.; T. W. H. (Derby), 2s.; "A Friend," 1s. 4d.; B. W. H. (Rugby), 8½d.; J. S. (Belfast), 1s. 2d.; R. S., 2s. 6d.; L. F., 8d.; "Lucky Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "A Ninth from P. & J.", 6s. 3d.; "Unlucky" (Barnsley), 7½d.; F. H., 1s. 1d.; "Gipsy Boy," 2s. 6d.; "Also Ran," 8d.; W. J. D., 1s.; "Bertie," 9d.; "Callaly," 1s. 1d.; S. S. (Chelsea), 6d.; "Hope" (Forest Gate), 2s.; "Our Ninth," 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Redstock), 6d.; Mrs. H. J. (Spalding), 4s.; "Crash," 3s. 6d.; "Mab" (Walton), 1s.; "Swastika," 1s. 3d.; "A Ninth" (Colchester), 3½d.; "Another Ninth," 1s.; "Bulleteer's Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "My Ninth," 1s.; M. T. R., 1s.; "One Ninth," 2s. 1d.; "99 S. M. B.," 2s. 4d.; "A Delighted Purchaser of a JOHN BULL Pen," 2s. 6d.; "B.I.," 2s.; "Caretaker," 2s. 2d.; "Two-Ninths" (Kilmarnock), 5s.; "Nim," 1s.; Anon. (Epping), 1s.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; "N.I.N.E." (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; J. A. H., 1s. 2d.; "A Ninth," 1s.; J. S. B. (Cavan), 1s. 9d.; Anon., 3s.; J. C. K. (Hounslow), 1s. 3d.; T. R. L. (London), 1s. 6d.; C. E. W. (Westgate-on-Sea), 2s. 8d.; B. W. (Shepherd's Bush), 10s.; "A Friend," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; "A Ninth," 2s.; "Response," 5s. 5d.; M. M. (Kingston-on-Thames), 2s.; E. R. (E. Dulwich), 5s.; R. S. M., 1s.; "Southgate," 4s.; "One-Fifth of Lady Diana," 1s.; "First Ninth," 1s. 2d.; "Ethel's Ninth," 1s.; F. G. (Plymouth), 1s. 1d.; "A Wianer" (Twickenham), 1s.; "Le Neuvieme," 7d.; "The Ninth," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 4d.; "A *Little* Help," 7½d.; M. S. A. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; "Ragdew," 1s.; "Ninth," 13s. 4d.; Anon., 2s.; "Tonio," 2s. 6d.; "B.," 1s.; "One Ninth" (Huddersfield), £1 2s. 6d.; B. O. S., 1s.; A. M. S. (Leytonstone), 6d.; "My Ninth," 1s.; Anon. (Birmingham), 1s. 5d.; "Bert" (Bolton), 1s.; A. E. G., 1s.; "Registered Reader" (Crook), 1s.; "A Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 9d.; J. H. B. (Blaina), 2s. 6d.; "Another Ninth," 2s. 7d.; B. W. (Frome), 1s. 6d.; O. J. T., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; "Helping Hand," 1s. 1½d.; "A Ninth," 6d.; "Luck's Out," 2s.; "A Bulleteer," 2s.; F. R. H. (Gosport), 2s. 6d.; "Phil Gaopher," 6d.; H. H. (Accrington), 2s. 6d.; T. W. M. (Gunnersbury), 10s.; "A Bulleteer" (Carlisle), 2s.; "Glyn," 2s.; "Holiday Mixed," 4s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

The Ebor Handicap

THE Ebor Handicap is one which invariably pays for analysis. There are some races which you can size up to the half-ounce, only to see something with 20 lb. the worst of the weights "trot it"—its noble head, being, for the first time in many moons, loose and stimulated.

But the Ebor is not that kind of race, and although accidents sometimes happen we usually find the horse that wins is a winner on the book.

Lord Derby, last year, won this race with March Along and at first glance he has a chance of winning with Glorioso or Stanislaus, though the latter is not a horse for which I have any very strong affection. He has certainly won over the course, but from the very worst field that has contested a £600 handicap this year.

The Derby Trio.

Selene, who was handicapped to allow 2 lb. to the somewhat unfortunate Glorioso, has been taken out of the race, and I take this to indicate that the latter is thought to possess a fairly good chance of winning. I am always being told that Glorioso does run his races out in the most generous fashion, but as I have seen his races he has done just about as much as he can do, and I certainly should have preferred the son of Swynford to the daughter of Chaucer.

Air Balloon is handicapped right up to the top of his form, but fairly in relation to Flamboyant and Flint Jack. The latter, I am told, has been going particularly well at exercise, and may go one better than last year when he ran second.

In addition to Air Balloon, Taylor has Juniso and Manton in the race, but at the moment of writing I have no idea which animal he will elect to be represented by. Manton has done nothing so far this season to justify the belief that he can win this race, but he was pretty useful as a three-year-old, and if Alec Taylor can get him to the post thoroughly fit he may be a danger.

Chivalrous wants a longer course. Ballyheron may be a little over-rated.

On the Lambton Cup running, False Alarm, and Flint Jack should beat him—and on the Newbury Cup running he has the beating of almost every horse in the race. King's Idler has all the weight he is entitled to, and good horse though he undoubtedly is, I cannot see him winning this, and shall expect the younger animals to beat him.

My Selection.

My analysis of the handicap leaves me with three animals to choose between. Fred Power, who is perhaps a better horse than most people imagine; False Alarm, who is a very much improved animal; and Backwood, who appears to me to hold a reasonably good outside chance. And of these I choose

FALSE ALARM

to win, and take BACKWOOD as a likely long-shot.

The Free Tip.

In answer to innumerable enquiries, I have dropped the free tip for a week or two partly because they were going badly and I wanted to give my luck a chance of turning, and partly because this is a very bad month for tipping, in spite of the fact that I gave a 100-8, 10-1, 7-1, 6-1 and divers other winners in the worst week of the season.

SPORTS and

In Ypres.

Last week I was in Ypres—a tragic pilgrimage which made racing and all that racing stands for, so very remote and insignificant that I wondered whether I should ever again want to write a racing paragraph. And walking in one of those great cemeteries I met a man who strangely enough brought the conversation to our sport.

The Naming of Horses.

"Doesn't it strike you as terrible that people can name race-horses after these scenes of heroic sacrifice?" he asked. "I saw the other day that the Worcester Racecourse executive had called a handicap after a village hereabouts where the gallant Worcesters saved the day at a tremendous cost. I wish you would say a word in JOHN BULL about this practice. How do you think a father and mother feel to see a horse named after the battle in which their son went out from life?"

Nurseries.

The nursery season is upon us and we are going to see some curious winners. A fact which the reader should keep in his mind is that weight makes less difference to a two-year-old than to a horse of any other age. Throughout the year, except in events where there are generous breeding allowances, he has been carrying 9.0 or 8.7 and has made good time with these weights.

What Weight Means.

Which reminds me that a reader has asked me if I will tell him just what weight means to a horse. "What would be the equivalent handicap, suppose we wanted to bring human runners together?"

A difficult question to answer, because man is not a weight-carrying beast. If I had to handicap human runners I think I should vary the weight of their shoes. One could bring the fastest and the slowest together by adding lead to the soles, and I should say that in doing so, I should be producing almost the same effect as is brought about by putting an extra pound or so in the saddle pouch.

Judging.

Apropos my remarks about judging, I heard last week of the world's worst example of how not to judge. It happened out of London, and Mr. Robinson was *not* the man in the box. A horse had been kept for a year and the stable money was down at a long price. The horse made every yard of the running on the stand side and finished under the judge's box a winner by the best part of a length. And the judge did not see it!

He gave the race to one of three that were battling it out in the middle of the course, and when his attention was afterwards called to the horse that had won under his nose, he placed that unfortunate animal fourth!

Readying.

To revert to the nurseries. There is nothing like the "readying" for these events that there was in the old times. What happens nowadays is that a trainer with a likely horse does not hurry his preparation. He gives him an easy race or two and probably gets him placed in moderate company.

A Capable Trainer.

I see that Roy Pope of Royston has been advertising for sale a two-year-old that has already won in good company. The only condition is that the horse should remain in his stable. That seems to me hardly so much a "condition" as a privilege. The Royston trainer is a particularly clever man and has one of the best gallops in England.

The Poetical Tip.

"DEAR ROWLEY MILE,—Racing nowadays isn't what it was in the old days. Do you remember the poetical tips which used to be such a feature of the sporting Press?" Thus, a valued correspondent. The "poems" were indeed precious, but I am by no means certain that life isn't a happier experience without them.

I recall one or two lines which ran:—

"The 'Rose and Primrose' flashes past!
O happiest of fates!
The Derby falls to Rosebery!
He's won it with Socrates!"

The "Ascot Lot."

An old axiom of racing is: "Follow the Ascot horses—that is to say, the horses that won or nearly won on the royal heath. As the time is approaching when racing assumes a more serious aspect, I will set down for the reader's guidance a few that are *certain* to pay their way.

Double Hackle	Poisoned Arrow
Air Balloon	Dry Toast
Baton Rouge	Welsh Spear
Two Step	Tetrabbazia
Stratford	Montserrat
Winter King	Pharos
Papyrus	Backwood
Villars	Sicyon
Silver Grass	Ardavon
Fred Power	Proconsul
Varzy	

I have left out such as Drake, Collaborator, Cos, Town Guard, Pogrom, etc. As to the merit of these you need no reminding. Horses like Vilna, Alienor are not favourites of mine.

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

YORK (WEDNESDAY).—FALMOUTH H'CAP PLATE: **Set Off** (Proud Mary, Alaric). LONDESBOROUGH WELTER H'CAP PLATE: **Fordingbridge** (Stockwood, Corban). THE ROUS T.Y.O. SELLING PLATE: **Katie** (Amphora G., Apparent). THE EBOR H'CAP: **False Alarm** (Fred Power, Backwood). CONVIVIAL PRODUCE STAKES: **Vermena** (Kepplestone, Sale Ticket). CLIFTON PLATE: **Pandarus** (Tetragynia, The Carpenter). DUKE OF YORK STAKES: **Craigangower** (Corcyrian, Prestongrange).

YORK (THURSDAY).—MIDDLETHORPE MAIDEN SWEEPSTAKES: **Silver Band** (Diligence). LOWTHER SELLING WELTER H'CAP: **Glass Ball** (Ninon, Indian Gauze). GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES: **Silver Band** (Triumph, Lady Juror). THE "GIMCRACK": **Town Guard** (Duncan Gray, Wagtail c.) HAREWOOD H'CAP PLATE: **Isle of Wight** (Strathleven, Night Watchman). FAIRFIELD PLATE: **Tanglewood** (Harpenden.)

GATWICK (FRIDAY).—SELHURST SELLING H'CAP: **Lady Bessa** (Quartz, Shandon Bells). WICK SELLING PLATE: **Mary D. Filly** (Jevington Lass). SEPTEMBER H'CAP: **Adorna** (Vaddy). HOME-BRED T.Y.O. PLATE: **The Owlet** (Sulby, Lady Desmond

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SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

Recommending Tipsters.

I want to make it very plain to my readers who write to ask me whether this or that racing service advertised in JOHN BULL is genuine, that I know nothing whatever about the advertisers in this newspaper. I am merely a contributor, and exercise no more control over the advertising in JOHN BULL than I do over the advertising in the *Church Times*. The gentlemen whose advertisements adorn this page may combine the rectitude of Sir Galahad with the wisdom of Solomon, but even their virtues are a sealed book to me.

Therefore, please do not write and say: "Will you give me your opinion of So-and-So as a tipster," because I have no opinion worth a postage stamp. I know a few tipsters, and there are about two for whom I have always a good word to say. The others I may never see or know until we meet in heaven.

Silly Systems.

I have just been looking through a parcel of systems and they would be funny if they were not tragic. "Tragic," because I realise that year in and year out thousands of pounds are taken from the pockets of poor people who are taught such rubbish as "Always back the 1st and 2nd favourites in the first selling race of the day," or "Back 4-year old horses in handicaps that carry 7.13."

Next to suggesting the backing of one because his jockey has blue eyes, I know of no more poisonously ignorant advice. The only system worth tuppence is to back what you think is the best horse in a handicap *irrespective of his weight*. In other words, systematically back the best horse in a race, no matter what he did at his last outing.

I always adopt this plan when I am tipping for JOHN BULL. The *Racing Calendar* comes to me at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and my tips are written and done within half an hour. I note only the distance of the race, its value and the horses' names, and I never consult a book of form.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

We are all supposed to be taking a tremendous amount of interest in football just now, but the truth is that the real interest in the game doesn't begin before the draw for the first round of the Cup. It is true one gets big crowds to view practice matches, largely, I fancy, because at these games the price of admission is very low and there are unfortunately a large number of people just now who have more time to spare than they want.

SELECTIONS.

Filly). TILGATE WELTER H'CAP: **Desire** (Dervish, Water God). NEWDIGATE MAIDEN STAKES: **Bobanob** (Clary).

GATWICK (SATURDAY).—COUNTY MID-WEIGHT H'CAP: **Pandarus** (Nymphida). LOWFIELD NURSERY H'CAP: **Verne F.** (Farseeing, Vic's Choice). SUTTON H'CAP: **Golden Gorse** (Queen's Guild, Abbey Island). MODERATE STAKES: **Wheat King** (Golden Victory). ROSTRUM SELLING PLATE: **Dutchman** (Glance).

HAYDOCK (FRIDAY).—FLIXTON MAIDEN H'CAP PLATE: **Lune D'Argent** (In Haste, Le Gamin). BRYN WELTER H'CAP: **Balzac** (Desperation, Piercing Note). PREMIER NURSERY H'CAP: **Montcalm** (Hillman, Catalini). HAYDOCK SEPTEMBER H'CAP: **Forerunner** (Will Somers, Sewing Machine). CLUB THREE Y.O. H'CAP: **Jungle Call** (Tea Fight, Jim Dandy). BIRCHFIELD PLATE: **Brest.**

HAYDOCK (SATURDAY).—GRAND STAND H'CAP: **Hong-Kong** (Invisible, Italian Lass). PADDOCK NURSERY H'CAP: **Woodlark** (Bonne Nuit). GARSWOOD H'CAP: **Forerunner** (Palomides, Meavig Bay). WIGAN NURSERY H'CAP PLATE: **Schoolgate** (Benrinnes). SATURDAY SELLING PLATE: **Farisyme** (Galloping Slav). ST. HELENS PLATE: **Brinklow** (Lord of Burghley).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Sangot will win a race in the near future.

* * *

The Prince of Wales may have a couple of horses in training under the other rules. We shall see him riding in more point-to-point races.

* * *

The Newbury Racecourse is the model course of England.

* * *

Lord Woolavington should make the Gimcrack speech this year.

* * *

We are all getting a little tired of the Tom Webster imitators.

* * *

The question of timing races is to be raised by the Jockey Club this year.

* * *

My new back-end doubles are Tishy and Tetrabbazia, and Air Balloon and Sicyon.

* * *

In 1924 we shall see a son of Man o' War, the Yankee Flier, running in this country.

* * *

Answers.

F. A. (S.W. 2).—I cannot recommend.
G. N. (Brighton).—I cannot recommend.
D. W. (Rhondda).—My tips show a good profit on a level stake. Yes, next time out.
J. E. (Eccles).—I cannot recommend.

* * *

"Leighton runs at Doncaster and will win," writes an optimist. Leighton's next attempt will be his 13th since winning last.

* * *

"Tamar will start odds on for the St. Leger," writes another Old Moore. Very likely.

* * *

Aubretia should be noted for a little seller over a distance.

* * *

I wonder whether Lucky Prince will be in the Portland Plate with a reasonable weight? This horse was essaying the impossible task of giving three stone to Red Rock and ran remarkably well last time out.

* * *

Follow Royal Highness and make money.

* * *

Mr. Scott will win a few races at York.

* * *

In spite of all rumours to the contrary, a well-known jockey is going to start training next year—I understand he will have quarters next Foxhill.

* * *

"Manton has won less than half the races it will win," writes my correspondent in that quarter.

* * *

I am reluctantly compelled to mark down Orby's Pride as a back number—now watch it win!

* * *

Flying Orb is in India; this answers "Anrac's" question. He has won several races there.

* * *

The bookmakers ought to put up a statue to the man who has a bet on every race.

* * *

Eaglehawk is under medical treatment. This is stale news, but some of my readers may have missed it.

* * *

If I were asked what filly now running would make turf history as a dam, I should answer Galaciella.

* * *

—Dancer, engaged in the Ebor, was taken to York last week, to be galloped over the course. Smirke, the all-conquering apprentice, has been engaged to ride this gelding.

* * *

Lines is worth following in the early nurseries.

Sportingalities

THERE are two people in France who can draw a gate at the Gare du Nord. The one is any old French Prime Minister who has twisted the tail of the British lion and the other is Georges Carpentier. It may be said truly that Carpentier has won fame and fortune on the mediocrity of English boxing. He has climbed to very nearly the top of his profession over the flabby bodies of easy victims. In these days of cuddle and clinch championships, when the art of boxing is being taught by the veriest mediocrities, when even the public schools of the country are content to accept Drill Sergeant Tom, Dick and Harry (admirable fellows as drill sergeants) as the supreme authorities upon all matters relating to boxing, it is not to be expected that we shall produce even demi-champions.

Carpentier, we are told, served a hard apprenticeship at his craft. Most pugs do. Nevertheless, he achieved fame at a remarkably early period, and became the matinee idol of France at an age when most young men are beginning seriously to think about their careers. He is a fast, clever boxer, a hard hitter, an excellent tactician. Undoubtedly there is nobody in Europe, that we have seen, who will beat him. Like most popular favourites he announces his retirement every year, but being a thrifty Frenchman, the chances of making easy money bring him into training again. That is the only kind of money Carpentier has earnt this side of the Atlantic. There is some talk of a return fight with Dempsey. I have read vehement articles in the Press of this country protesting against such a match.

GEORGES CARPENTIER

Really it is no more of our business than the staging of the next revue at the New York Hippodrome. The people who pay are the American sporting public, and if they are willing——

Personally, I doubt whether they are. In the meantime it is our job to raise a few more champions for Georges to eat. Champion Beckett is not exactly a square meal, and poor champion Wells is no more than a dab of caviare on a thin slice of bread and butter.

E. W.

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TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

ACTING upon sound principles and embracing all men and women who have served in the forces, the British Legion is an agency that works not for any Party but for the whole State. It is non-political and non-sectarian. Half a million ex-Service men are workless, and because they are men who served the country courageously in the years of its perils they merit every consideration from everyone in the days when the industrial horizon is overcast with the leaden clouds of depression.

THE Legion, however, recognise that it is only by loyal co-operation and by the absence of friction that the wheels of industry can be made to revolve again speedily and steadily. In the restoration of the devastated field of industry all must play their part, and all must share the burden equally.

A DUTY devolves not only upon ex-Service men, but also upon employers. It is incumbent upon the men to see that their output is of the highest standard and to realise that any policy of ca canny is detrimental to the interests of the country to whom they brought the laurels of victory. Employers on their part must appreciate that without the grim determination of the ex-Service men the country would now be under the domination of an autocratic foreign Power. They can help to repay their debt of honour, the measure of which is beyond calculation, by taking and keeping in their employment men who served, and by remunerating them on the best possible scale.

THE essential qualification for the rehabilitation of industry is co-operation by all sections—the same reciprocal spirit that inspires all members of the British Legion.

How To Join Up:—To-day the Legion has 2,000 branches. In every town of any importance there is a local Headquarters. But if anyone desires to help forward the splendid work and does not know the address of the branch nearest his home, there are always ways and means of getting this information. For instance, he can write to the Headquarters of the Legion, 26, Eccleston Square, Victoria, S.W. 1, and he will immediately be put in touch with the local Secretary.

In Happy Hampstead:—A very progressive branch of the Legion exists in Hampstead—where, despite the fact that it is a comparatively rich borough, a great deal of unemployment exists. A very useful section of the branch is the Rents Advisory Bureau, which has done splendid service. Through its aid, quite a number of members have been helped, and in certain cases ejectments prevented. The branch is also preparing a booklet showing the names, addresses and trades of members who are working on their own account, so that members may be better able to trade with each other.

Saving a Home:—A Staffordshire man on recovering from sickness could not get work, though later he obtained a part-time job in a factory. He got in arrears with his rent, and the bailiffs were in the house armed with a distress warrant for the furniture. He and his wife were overjoyed when the Legion found the means to pay out the distraint and so save the little home.

To Trade Unionists:—The Legion has been described as anti-Trade Union, and it is stated that it supplies labour through its Employment Department and Bureaux at less than the Trade Union rates. Both the allegations are totally untrue. Within the ranks of the Legion there are thousands and thousands of trade unionists. Again, it is the practice of the Legion to ascertain from the prospective employer that Trade Union rates are to be paid.

Savings all Gone:—In the months of the cotton boom, immediately after the Armistice, a Burnley overlooker put away something each week, for the proverbial rainy day. For just a year all went well, but later the mill went on short time, and after just another year it closed down altogether. The savings he had accumulated disappeared all too soon—he has a wife and six growing children. Then he sold what surplus furniture there was to buy food, and it was not until he came to the end of his resources that he sought our help. He did not ask in vain.

Careful Administration: — It would be difficult to find anywhere a fund that is more economically administered than is the Unity Relief Fund, which derives a good deal of its income from the proceeds of Poppy Day. Ninety-nine per cent. of its workers are voluntary. The only expenses normally allowed in local administration are those necessary to cover the cost of stationery and postage. The amount debited for management amounts, therefore, in the case of each local committee, to a few shillings a year only.

Refused a Pension: — In the depths of despair was a Newcastle widow whose husband died after a lingering illness. He had served in France, but though he had been ill almost from his demobilisation, the Ministry would not acknowledge that his death had been accelerated in any way by war service. The widow, who could scarcely provide the necessities of life for her four kiddies, placed her case in our hands—with the result that she now gets a pension of 56s. 2d. a week.

Went to Pay Doctor's Bills:—Up and down the country there are many men and many dependants who are striving to get their arrears. They write and write and obtain no satisfaction. Every week the Legion is dealing successfully with such cases. A typical instance is that of a Leeds man who had been pressing for fourteen months for what he was entitled to. But within fourteen days we managed to get him £36 10s.—a sum that came in very useful, as he had many doctor's bills for his wife and kiddies to settle.

An Old Campaigner's Award:—Not only the young, but the old as well are helped. The other day one of the "old guard," a man who had served in many campaigns, came to us in the hope that we could do something for him. He was 68 years of age, and chronic rheumatism had so enfeebled him that he could not get work. His record showed that he was entitled to a campaign pension, and ten days after he had laid his case before us he was awarded one of 10s. a week—not a very big grant, it is true, but something to help him along.

Advertising Advertising: — Many are the ways by which ex-Service men seek to form the basis of an honest and permanent livelihood, and with the small Loans Department behind them, a great number of these schemes bear fruit. For instance, in Sheffield there is an old soldier who devised a thoroughly sound scheme for a travelling advertising agency. He came to us for a loan towards equipment, etc., and has now built up a flourishing business. Again, there was a man in Shepley with a small business for the sale of perfumes. He appealed to us for help in order to develop his trade, which is now spreading throughout the whole of Yorkshire.

Review of Entitlement: — Considerable dissatisfaction exists under the system of review of pensions, which has been carried out for some time. Under this regime it was possible at the headquarters of the Ministry to change a man's entitlement from "attributable to" to "aggravated by," and where aggravation had been conceded to rule that the pension should not have been issued in the first case. Under pressure exerted by the Legion, it has now been decided that in future no change in entitlement will become effective except on the advice of a Medical Board.

Erroneous Payments:—The Ministry of Pensions has authority to waive the recovery of amounts overpaid in cases where the pensioner could not at the time have been aware of the erroneous payments. Many men who do not understand the complicated standard just accept what they get, and it may happen that, when they are in most need of all their meagre pension, they find themselves called upon to repay money they believed they had every right to accept.

A Reasonable Attitude:—These demands for repayment inflict a very real hardship upon hundreds of ex-Service men and dependants, and the Legion has taken up their grievance. Our viewpoint is that when the Minister does not see his way to waive his claim, he should be able to recover only in cases of overpayment that have happened during the previous twelve months. This is quite a fair compromise, because the Ministry will not pay retrospective allowances or arrears of pension for more than twelve months.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From Gibraltar a letter of gratitude comes from a man whom the Legion has assisted. He says—"I thought my disability pension had gone altogether, but through the Legion it has been renewed. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. My experience proves that, no matter what hardships an ex-Service man may be enduring, if he goes direct to the Legion he will get the best help and advice. The Legion is an organisation which every ex-Service man should join."

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—Defend them with

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Large size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6. Popular size, 7½d.
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From your Chemist.

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3

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Sleepless, Strengthless and Nervous, Laid up for Months, but soon cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Robert Halsall, of 78, Leigh Road, Leigh, Lancs., says:—

"I was off work with rheumatism for six months, and after that began to suffer with indigestion which turned to gastritis. I had awful pains at the stomach and I ate so little that I lost about a stone and a half in weight. I had no strength, was terribly troubled with headache and wind, and so nervous that sometimes I was trembling from head to foot. At night I never got proper rest, and was in a very low, weak condition.

"The pain was always there, and I daren't eat because of the awful after-effects. I had been going on like this for months, taking medicine all the time, but I was getting no better at all. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of cure for me. I improved daily, the pain all went, and I soon regained my lost strength. I slept better too, and the terrible headaches were relieved. Soon I was completely cured, and now I can do my six days' work as well as any man."

Mr. R. Halsall.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Neuritis, Paralysis, Sciatica, Kidney Weakness, Indigestion, Kidney Weakness, Sleeplessness, Sciatica's Weakness, Rheumatism, Writing

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Take TWO Tablets at bedtime and note how well you sleep; continue and you will know the joy of health and vigour.

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What Parents Should do.

If growing girls are to become well-developed, healthy women, their health must be carefully noted. Parents should not ignore their unsettled moods or the various troubles that tell of approaching womanhood; it is an important time of life. Where pallor, headache, anæmia and backache are already evident you must provide the sufferer with the surest means of making new blood.

Remember, pale bloodless girls need plenty of nourishment, plenty of sleep and regular open-air exercise; but to save the bloodless sufferer she must have new blood; and nothing meets the case so well as Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills not only increase the supply of new, red blood, they create appetite and relieve the weary back and limbs; thus they promptly restore full womanly health and charm, and transform anæmic girls into strong, happy women.

Therefore give your girls Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day. Of dealers, or direct from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free.

All girls and women should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings." A copy will be sent quite free if you write to N. W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Pre-War Bargains.

To-morrow sees the final closing of the account outstanding on the Stock Exchange when war broke out just over eight years ago. I forget how many hundreds of millions remained unsettled on that deplorable date when the House indefinitely closed its doors, but the position has gradually been liquidated during many months past. A slight amount of anxiety has lately been felt concerning the final adjustment, and there will be general satisfaction when the settlement is out of the way. It is another milestone on the road to peace.

National Benefit.

I am surprised to find how many of my readers are interested in the National Benefit Assurance Co., now in liquidation. I can only advise them to exercise patience. In due time they will be made acquainted with the position, and policy-holders will find that they are being given the chance to carry on under the ægis of the British General Insurance Co., of 66, Cheapside, E.C.2. The collapse of the former concern does not look like an irreparable loss, except perhaps for its proprietors.

Rubber Won't Bounce.

The remarkable scheme of certain American interests to buy up the chief British rubber-growing interests for a matter of fifty millions sterling has been turned down by the owners—and quite rightly, no doubt. It is probably important that the industry should be retained in English hands, notwithstanding that its position is parlous. In due time a cure may be found for the present depression, but while costs of production exceed selling price and the companies are reluctant to co-operate there can be no hope of recovery.

Beware!

A retired Naval Officer asks my opinion of Murray, Coutts and Co., Ltd., of 68, Coleman Street, E.C.2, who offer occupation with investment. The concern should be avoided. It is a company formed last month with a capital of £500, and so far has two shillings in all paid up. Its title so closely resembles the well-known banking names of Money and Coutts that it may cause confusion, but I hope my readers will be wary of it.

Speak Up, Mr. Bonny!

I have been trying to understand the position of the "Rowland Hill" Permanent Building Society, of 87, Newgate Street, E.C.1. Mr. Alfred G. Bonny is the Secretary. When I write to him he doesn't reply, and when I call he isn't in. When depositors ask for their money back Mr. Bonny writes: "Assuming that we have a good year with new capital, I think you might be paid in ordinary course by" such and such a date. Not very satisfying.

Another Tin Tip.

If any of my readers want a little speculative lock-up I recommend Naraguta Extended (Nigeria) Tin Mines. This company has paid good dividends in its time, and should do so again as general trade improves. The £1 shares can now be bought at about 3s. 6d. I commend a purchase to people who are prepared to pay for them and forget them for a time. In the course of a few months there should be substantial capital appreciation, with a dividend in the offing.

Jam Satis.

E. and T. Pink and Plaistowe (Proprietary) has suffered another devastating year. There is a profit on the face of the accounts, but no dividend. As in the case of Crosse and Blackwell and that of Preserve Manufacturers, sugar is the main crux, and the tax on this commodity is the root of much difficulty. The glut of fruit this season may prove a godsend for the jam-making companies, but they have a lot of leeway to make up. I think their Preference shares are worth watching by those who are content to wait for a profit.

Excess Profits Duty.

The Government must by now be feeling the pinch in respect of E.P.D. Every company that presents its annual report announces refunds or claims for refunds, while the Treasury must contemplate with dismay the trade stagnation and unemployment it has caused by its policy of extravagant taxation. Meanwhile money that might have been made productive is being dispensed in doles. Trade is taking an upward curve, it is true, but the losses that still remain to be faced will in many instances require years to liquidate.

The Mark Mania.

My pessimism has been fully justified. The Hun remains a Hun. He doesn't mind how much paper he prints so long as he can sell it for real money. He will go on doing so as long as he can find mugs enough, and then he will repudiate. To calculate on the mark ever being worth a shilling again is mere phantasy.

A Nice Drawing Account.

When you are the victim of fire or accident, you can always draw on JOHN BULL for compensation, provided that you are a registered reader. Already over twelve hundred readers have benefited in this way. If you have not yet registered, sign the forms on page 2 now.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

10.—Cheap Houses—Why Not Build Them?

THE most important item of news recently published is that Leicester has just arranged a contract to build municipal houses for £299 each. As these houses contain a fair-sized living-room, with scullery and offices and three bedrooms, their cost compares not unfavourably with pre-war figures.

In many places very high prices are still being asked for old and decrepit houses. The price quoted for a pre-war small terrace house, in bad repair, is frequently three times as much as the cost of the new municipal houses at Leicester, which contain a bath-room, and are well designed.

All classes are suffering from house shortage at a time when unemployment is rife. A great, insistent and growing demand for accommodation receives next to no answer from private or public enterprise. For a small new terrace house in North London, containing a sitting-room, a combined kitchen and living-room, a small scullery, a bathroom, two small bed-rooms and a little box-room, £800 is asked, or more than twice what will be its highest selling value in a few years' time.

Broadly stated, the facts of the case are as follow. In 1914, when the war broke out, there already existed a great house shortage. In London and other big towns this encouraged the use of unsuitable buildings as tenement houses. Tens of miles of old properties became changed into reeking tenements which lack most of the decent conveniences of life. But in the last eight years building has almost ceased, while the population has continued to increase. *Millions* of people are living under conditions which are a disgrace to our civilisation.

The building of houses is a trade which employs many other trades. Housing materials are largely manufactured articles. To get house-building going again, and on a scale commensurate with our social needs, would be to solve no small part of the great unemployment problem. That is one side of the question. The other, and even more important side, is that good housing is the royal road to social content, and to wealth in its true sense of well-being. Wages are not money, but what money can buy, and while wages cannot command a decent home men must remain in real poverty.

THE MAIDEN MARKET

London Haunts of Lust—II.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

THE full story of Queenie Gerald and her half-sister, to whom I referred last week, has never been told—it is doubtful if it could be told in a decent paper. But it gives the clue to the labyrinth of lust.

It has been asked, what became of the two hundred odd women who had their licences cancelled by the L.C.C.—often on trivial grounds—and the multitude of other acolytes in these erotic shrines of Phallus?

Queenie Gerald, and other leading women who fatten upon this horrible organisation of commercialised lust could give the answer. For while no plate announces "massage," the rich roués are still conversant with many flats and shadowed chambers where dope and debauchery may be purchased for cash. Vice has its spies, and sin its touts, remunerated on a percentage reckoned with all the exactness of a legitimate commercial transaction.

Dotted about the West End may be noticed modest little signs: "Art Decorator," "Artist," "Lamp Shades," etc., etc., and the curious will find that in many cases the sign refers to a mysterious flat, usually at the top of a building, occupied by some woman who has many male callers.

Almost all of these are ex-massage women. Some still have their circle of clients who come to them for erotic reasons. But the majority of them send on their callers to such establishments as those in Maddox Street and Jermyn Street—the more lordly haunts of sin that enjoy an incredible immunity from interference by the Law.

As an example, in the Haymarket is a flat at a number which I have placed in the hands of the Editor of JOHN BULL. There lived two women, sisters in a tie of blood and in shame. Both had been in the massage business, were struck off, and joined the underground system of vice. Here a notorious woman often visits; and I suggest that if the police are really at a loss to get evidence against the Queens of Vice they should watch this particular lair. It is but one of many. The two sisters have merely shifted their abode, and run a dual business horrible beyond contemplation: they are the paid servants of strange sinners, catering for erotic vice, and having their list of regular callers. Sometimes a client is eager for still more dreadful experiences, or boldly asks for the tender wares supplied by the procuress. Immediately he is "passed on," in the freemasonry of the "business," and so another customer calls at Maddox Street or at Jermyn Street, while the transaction is duly credited to the tout.

It is hardly credible how *organised* is this system of commercialised depravity.

For instance, there is an hotel well known to Queenie Gerald and her peeresses in shame. It is frequented by very rich and very idle people who have money to burn and time to waste. It is a curious fact that quite a number of these men find their way to Maddox Street and Jermyn Street.

The questionable night-club is not overlooked. In these dreary and furtive places quite a number of the women in the pay of the queens of sin paint an alluring picture of a snug little retreat, "free from L.C.C. control," where strange vices may be pursued in luxurious comfort.

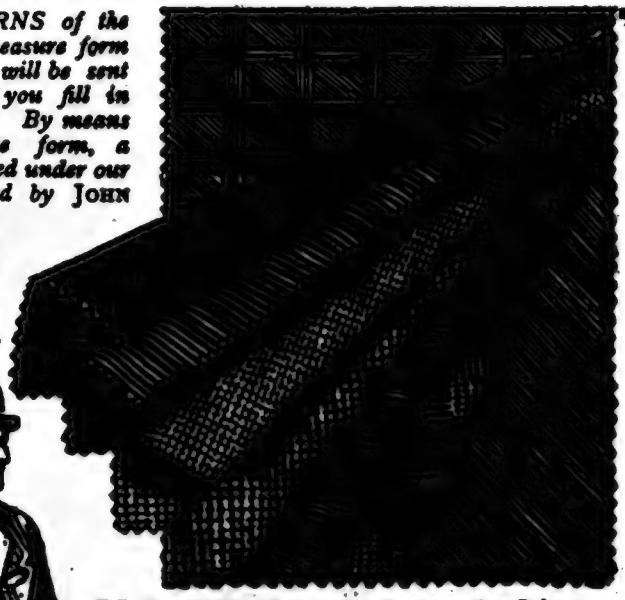
And there is an even darker depth.

Unsuspecting girls—young and pretty and virginal—walk the West End and stare longingly at the shops, dissatisfied with humdrum life in the suburbs and longing for excitement, dress, and a "good time." These are marked down by watchful eyes.

To such come gliding the motherly advance agent for the procuress, or the girl who is "on the look out for a pal." Confidences are established; a teashop is visited; the new-found friend talks with colour and animation about some kind, rich lady who "helps" young girls. An introduction is arranged, and Queenie Gerald or one of her friends inspects the maiden with the eye of an expert in what pleases her clients. If the young girl is not considered attractive she is briefly dismissed; if alluring, she is steeped in that "good time" she craves for, and intoxicated by sips of the wine of life until the destined moment for her ruin. There are rich men on the books of these women who are rung up on the telephone or receive a letter announcing that a new "sample of goods has arrived" and "will be available for inspection" on such and such a day. In many cases the "victim" who is despoiled of her virtue is half willing, having been very carefully inoculated with the idea that work is only for fools and that life may be enjoyed at such a little cost!

Those who believed that the West End has been "purified" are lamentably ignorant of the resources of the depraved creatures who thrive upon vice, while the police seem to be smitten with myoptic blindness—prosecuting a few humble folk and failing to deal with the chief offenders.

FREE PATTERNS of the cloths with self-measure form and fashion book will be sent free of charge if you fill in the coupon below. By means of our measure form, a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) that cash in full is refunded if the suit does not give entire satisfaction.



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The quantity of cloth being limited, the offer is open for 14 DAYS ONLY.

All these cloths are guaranteed to be made in Scotland from pure new Virgin Wool and to be free from shoddy or any foreign admixture.

They comprise medium and dark grey Cheviots, medium and dark brown, Heather and mixture Tweeds, suitable for business, sports and ordinary wear. It is impossible to describe the beauty of many of the shade blendings of these materials, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. FREE PATTERNS, together with self-measure chart, fashion booklet, tape measure, etc., sent POST FREE on request.

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Deptford: *Chesham House, Broadway.
Woolwich: *58, Powis St., and *43, Hare St.
Forest Gate: *39, Woodgrange Road.
Shoreditch: *185 and 187, Old Street, E.
Euston: *73, Hampstead Road.
Poplar: *263, East India Dock Road.
East Ham: *44, High Street North.
Finsbury: *13, King's Parade, Church End.
Kingston-on-Thames: *27, Market Place.
City: *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Pinsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool St. Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate St., E.C. 115, Fleet St., E.C.
Richmond & Twickenham: *354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge).
Sutton (Surrey): *129, High Street.
Grays (Essex): *71-73, High Street.
Southend-on-Sea: *58, High Street.
Westcliff-on-Sea: *Hamlet Court Road.
Coventry: *High St. (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

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"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FORWARD ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Out of the Depths." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

PATRIOT (Ulverston).—"Old England is still the mistress of the sea!" Hooray!

PUSSYFOOT (Bridgend).—"America is the shining example to the world." Shurrup!

PRIM (Paddington).—"Men one meets in the street are always unsatisfactory." Have you found that out, too?

PENSION (Clapham).—"In 1914 I was demobilised." And you were darned lucky, let us tell you.

FLIRTATIOUS (Norwich). — "Seaside courtships come to no bad end." Unless they lead to marriage, of course.

ART (Chelsea).—"The newest type of artist does not drink beer." Judging from his pictures, he drinks milk.

SCOTTY (Kirkcudbright).—"I thank you for the fair play you always give to Scotsmen." If we didn't give it, they'd take it.

MANLY (Cardiff).—"I must take up the cudgels on behalf of True." You are late. He has already found friends in high places.

CANT (Cheltenham).—"Much of the stuff which appears in newspapers is sheer invention and lies." Your liver is all wonky.

THE BOYS OF THE 40TH HOW. BATTERY, R. F. A., Fyzabad, U.P., India, would be glad to receive any old magazines or copies of JOHN BULL that our readers would care to send. Address the C.O.

MISUNDERSTOOD (Boston). — "My whole career has been shadowed by misrepresentation." You say you are 20—what the dickens do you mean by "whole career"?

CHEWING GUM (Barmouth).—"Would you say from my handwriting that I have suicidal tendencies?" We don't know about that, but after reading it we wonder you don't use a typewriter.

HUSKY DOG (Southampton).—"For five years I have been trying to find a partner with £5,000." After digesting your "scheme," we should say you'll wait 5,000 years before you find a partner with £5.

OLD BEAN (Swansea).—"When I was a boy I wouldn't have dared call my father old bean." We don't know. Even in the hymnal you read about "the ancient seed of Abraham." Ancient seed—old bean.

JOLLY JOE (Birkenhead).—"Do they hang women in England?" We understand your enquiry, but hate your nom-de-plume. The answer is that no woman has been hanged in England for 15 years.

F. (Yeovil).—"The scandals told about me are amusing." Ha, ha! We laugh.

JUMPER (Bridgewater).—"Is it true that Cleopatra knitted?" We believe that she knitted her brows occasionally.

GLAD EYE (Southend).—"I like a girl to be a girl." You seem to be perfectly normal.

FILBERT (Minehead). — "Can you settle a bet?" Easy! Why! We've settled bills in our time.

SAM (Macclesfield).—Spelling mistakes or obvious errors in punctuation do not disqualify "Bullets" coupons.

HONEYSUCKLE (Camberwell).—"The cultivation of flowers is an art in which we excel." You're wrong. The French have us beaten.

INTERESTED (Ross).—"Where did the first omnibuses run from?" The Yorkshire Stingo, in the Marylebone Road, to the Bank.

MOTOR CYCLIST (Hatfield).—"The dream of every motor-cyclist is to own a car." We are glad that motor-cyclists are human.

REGGIE (Bexhill).—"My father's allowance to me is worse than useless." If you can't earn your own living, you also are worse than useless.

Q. (Dorking).—"I should like your views on the finding of Moses in the bulrushes." We have no desire to rake up the past.

DECEIVED (Rochester).—"I have sent my money to the supposed prisoner but have not heard from him." The Spanish prisoner trick is as old as Spain.

MASON (Hereford).—"I could tell you something about Freemasonry." Your picturesque stories are ancient and discredited.

ANIMAL LOVER (Penzance).—"My husband hates my pet dogs." Give 'em away. You can always buy a dog; husbands are rare.

INDIGNANT (Littlehampton).—"I sent you a twenty-nine page letter last week. Why no answer?" We haven't finished reading it.

CLUBMAN (Guernsey). — "Nobody realises that this is a wonderful island." We were always under the impression that it was a continent.

INQUIRER (Worcester). — "What, please, is the difference between a parson and a padre." A parson refers to it as the infernal regions but a padre calls it just plain ordinary hell.

GIRLIE (Chippenham).—"Can you tell me the nicest boy's name?" We don't know him. "Bill" is still our favourite.

WILFRED (Margate).—"My mother will not have JOHN BULL in the house." Read it on the roof.

ADMIRER (Leamington).—"When you come up here you will find a warm welcome." Is that a threat?

HAPPY (Chepstow).—"I can say every morning 'Thank God I'm alive.'" If you can, do.

SALESMAN (Liverpool).—"The Americans are not the only people who can sell us goods." Or pups.

JENNY (Dover).—"You dear old bean." Jenny, you're a nice, naughty little girl.

QUO VADIS (Hendon).—"The Government goes from bad to worse—what will the end be?" Another Government going the same way.

M. P. H. (Immingham).—"I have great expectations of winning a 'Bullet' prize." You're the sort of person who wins. Go on trying.

TRIPPER (Scarborough).—"You are not wanted here if you have no money." Where are you wanted without money? Tell us that.

STARS AND STRIPES (Exeter).—"I am an American who loves England." There are millions of you in spite of the Balfour note.

PIER-STROLLER (Southsea).—"I have noticed that most girls are knitting jumpers." Come to life! They haven't stopped since 1916.

LANDLADY (Bognor).—"This has been a bad season for seaside boarding houses." And a pretty rotten one for seaside boarders. Don't forget that.

EX-SOLDIER (Sheffield).—"We gave our best to the country—what is the country doing for us?" More than any other country (except America).

MOUNTAINEER (Ashtead).—"Why do people go to Switzerland to climb mountains?" They don't—not all of them. Some go to make a book.

VERY EXPERIENCED (Norwood).—"I am sure if people knew about me I should be in demand." We can imagine the queues. Modesty is not your principal weakness.

V. K. (Boscombe).—"My hair has been horribly bobbed, though I paid 7s. for it to be done." In fact, it has been seven bobbed. It will grow again if you live long enough.

TIMOROUS (Hythe).—"I have often wished to fly in the air." We know of no better place for flying.

ROSIE (Salford).—"What is necessary for a marriage in England?" A man and a woman, as it is everywhere.

T. B. (Johannesburg).—"This is a Godforsaken country." It isn't—as we happen to know.

HUBERT (Sonning).—"I was in Ypres the day war was declared." You were lucky to keep out of it afterwards.

EXPERIMENTER (Brighton).—"I have been gliding for years without a motor." So have we.

STRIVING (North Waltham).—"I never say die." We congratulate you on your forbearance.

P. S. (Reigate).—"Who are the Unionists?" The people who gave Ireland Home Rule.

MAXIME (Milnthorpe).—"Is Magna Carter still working?" We believe so but we haven't seen him for years. You don't mean Nick Carter, do you?

SHY SALLY (Wroxham).—"When I meet men I am simply speechless; what ought I do?" Learn the deaf and dumb alphabet.

RAMBLER (Crewe).—"If people walked more and rode less we should all be happier." We should like the opinion of the taxi-drivers.

AGNES (Manchester).—"I can only say that JOHN BULL is ridiculous." And we can only say that we are surprised at you, Agnes.

OLD AND BOLD (Babbacombe).—"Is there a complete history of the war?" No. It will be many years before the official history is finished.

WORRIED MOTHER (Selsey).—"How can I stop gnats biting my children?" Rub their arms and legs with a freshly sliced onion.

LARGE ONE (Leeds).—"Fat is the worry of my life—how can I get thin?" Come and answer a few of the letters we get. You'd be a skeleton in a month.

G. B. (Bolton).—"I have sent to your Greatest of These Fund—I have had good luck since." We make no comment.

MECHANIC (Morley).—"The papers are too ready to talk about incompetent charabanc drivers." So we have noticed.

P. M. (Birkdale).—"The colonies do not want wasters." In that case we can understand why no member of the Cabinet visits the colonies.

CLINIC (London).—"The dense ignorance of poor parents is appalling." Our experience is that the rich parent is equally ignorant.

CA'CANNY (Blair Atholl).—"When is this housing problem going to be settled?" Never completely perhaps, since there will always be more people than houses.

SALLY (Bagshot).—"There is no Sunday train service here—why?" We cannot tell you without being disrespectful to the Duke of Connaught, for whom we have a great admiration.

MRS. H. (Burton-on-Trent).—"I received your cheque. You pay as you advertise, which is more than the——— is willing to do. I think they ought to be showed up." It would now appear that JOHN BULL'S Insurance, besides possessing benefits enjoyed by no other insurance, has the added advantage of "paying on the nail"! We always did say that JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance is the best in the world. Now we know.

(Continued on p. 2).

IN TROUBLE?

"Humanist" may get you out. He cannot find money or work or a house for you. But if your trouble goes much deeper and a little human sympathy and understanding can assist you, write to him. It doesn't matter how tragic and fearful your trouble may be. He can help you. Won't you write to him and tell him what you cannot tell your dearest friend? Mark your letter "Humanist" and he alone will read it.

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Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when ointments and other so-called remedies utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were utter misery owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption, or ugly spots, victims of bad legs tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a single sign of skin illness remains.

The most amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, and then you apply Antexema. Instantly the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed, the horrible stinging itching stops, and in a short time your skin is thoroughly well again.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful, non-poisonous, healing cream. Antexema cures eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, insect bites, sunburn, and every other skin illness of infants or adults.

Start your cure to-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrow's, at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical, or direct, post free, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N. W. 1. Also throughout India Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Do you know GLADYS SMITH

or Leonie Flugrath, or Odette Goimbault, or Gladys Hutchinson?

YOU don't?—then perhaps you know them under the names they acquired as screen stars, namely: Mary Pickford, Shirley Mason, Mary Odette, Peggy Hyland! "What's a Name Worth?" is an article every film fan should read. It is in the September number of The "PICTUREGOER" (Out Friday, September 1st). The Movie Magazine de Luxe, One Shilling.

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Just issued a wonderful Book called "NOTIONS" which will give you

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES

THERE is absolutely **NO LIMIT** to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece work. **NOTHING JUST LIKE IT** has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

"NOTIONS" will give you a new interest in Competitions!
"NOTIONS" will give you a new hope!

The Subjects are all alphabetically arranged, and the work forms the most wonderful and comprehensive Competition Guide ever issued. The Price of this most useful book is

ONE SHILLING ONLY and 2d. for Postage.

FREE If you wish to know more about this wonderful Book and would like to see Specimen Pages before becoming a Subscriber, please write and say so (a postcard will do) and the Publisher will oblige you.

I DO NOT SELL LINES.—THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BUY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, ETC.:—

A. L. SAWYER, 9 PRIORY PARK ROAD, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.

Yours for only 2/- and Seven Coupons. Start your Coupon collecting now by cutting out the one below.

Swelling the Chorus:

Bronhaul Villa,
Nr. Llanidloes, Mont.
17th July, 1922.

Although your office must be flooded with letters in praise of the marvellous JOHN BULL Pen, I cannot refrain from increasing the number. . . . Have used for upwards of five years a JOHN BULL. . . . Should not entertain the thought of trying any other make.

H. J. ROWBOTHAM.

Priory Road,
Downham, Norfolk.
11th July, 1922.

Many thanks for Fountain Pen. It really is a marvel for the price, and gives all the satisfaction claimed for it. I will show it to my pals.

E. J. WEBB S.Sgt.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2D.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-nibbed Fountain Pen STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only, and 2d. stamp for postage. *DE LUXE MODEL*, 1/3 *extra.*

Address:
PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.
P.O.'s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.
J.B. 2.9.22.

DISEASE IN THE BOTTLE

Do You Hear the Children Weeping?

WHEN Ann Taylor, the wellnigh forgotten poetess of over a hundred years ago, thanked the pretty cow that gave pleasant milk to soak her bread, she little thought that a time would come when milk would be found to be at once the essential food of infancy and its deadliest menace.

Tuberculosis, as such, was unknown in her time. But under the name of consumption it committed in all probability as great, if not greater, ravages than it does to-day. Children fell into a "decline"—and faded pathetically away before the eyes of their helpless parents, who bore their loss with a kind of Oriental fatalism, believing that the malady to which their child had succumbed was something in the nature of a visitation against which it was vain to fight.

To-day we are better informed. We know that "consumption" and "decline" are merely variations of tuberculosis.

Some doctors tell us also that the chief source of tuberculosis is cow's milk, which forms the staple diet of hundreds of thousands of infants throughout the country, whose mothers cannot, or will not, feed them at the breast.

The appallingly high death-rate among infants of under twelve months, and the diseased condition of an alarmingly large proportion of those who survive that age, are matters of very serious concern for all who have the welfare of the nation at heart.

The deadliest threat at the stability of the British Empire comes from within, not from her enemies without. In view of the declining birth rate it is of vital importance that such as are born should be strong and healthy, and survive to share the imperial responsibilities which they inherit.

It may seem something like a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous to say that the future of the British Empire depends upon the purity of the milk supply to-day. But it is an undeniable fact.

Yet, notwithstanding the existing so-called Pure Milk Acts and various regulations framed by the Ministry of Health, filthy, poisonous and tuberculous milk is daily sold by hundreds of gallons throughout the country, carrying disease and death to many a hitherto healthy child.

The machinery exists to stop this horrible slaughter of the innocents. It must be put into operation. The Ministry of Health possesses the drastic powers required to put an end to this deadly menace to the Nation's future.

We suggest that Sir Alfred Mond should no longer play with this vital question, but deal with it with the sternness it demands.

TRAM DEATH-TRAPS

Perils of the Road.

WE have grave reasons to fear that one of these days, at one or other of the London tram termini, someone will be killed in distressing and easily preventable circumstances.

London, which justly prides itself on the regulation of its general street traffic, seems for some unknown reason at a complete loss when it comes to the question of ordering the crowds which, during the "rush hours," wait at certain spots to board the L.C.C. tramcars.

There are certain worthy and notable exceptions, but at most of the termini the throng, immediately on the appearance of a tram, becomes a disorderly rabble. Women and girls are forced to fight, even fiercer than they fight at bargain sales, for a place on the cars; and strong men disclose the innate selfishness of human nature by thrusting the weaker aside in their brutal determination to secure a seat.

At the same time there is always the menacing danger of the passing traffic, which in the mad rush for the trams is often unheeded.

From time to time the newspapers chronicle the arrival in London of the leading traffic experts of foreign cities, who invariably on departing pay a well-earned tribute to the control of vehicles by our City and Metropolitan Police—than whom, indeed, there is no finer body of men in the world for the purpose. Their urbanity towards pedestrians, combined with their sense of fairness regarding the claims of rival vehicles to priority render them rivalless.

But whoever read of one of our distinguished foreign friends paying a compliment to the control of our tramways in the picking-up of passengers at the various termini? Paris, indeed—despite its proverbial chaos as far as road-traffic generally is concerned—is far ahead of us. At the various stopping places there is no unseemly and dangerous struggle. Upon a would-be passenger reaching one of these points, he tears a numbered ticket from a long roll suspended from a lamp-post or tree. When the vehicle arrives, the conductor selects first the lowest number, progressing upwards until all the vacant places are filled. Holders of those higher have to wait for the next. Verily, "there are some things they do better in France."

It seems that the police have no power to take the matter in hand. We call upon the London County Council to stop the grave scandal before some appalling disaster occurs.

A SIGNPOST TO VALUE

By HAROLD MASON

ADVERTISING can only induce a man to buy *once*. Then it's up to the goods.

If they're good, he'll go on buying as the need arises—and subsequent advertising will act as a timely reminder to him.

If they're NOT good, all the advertising skill in the world won't persuade him to buy a second time.

Continued advertising is dependent on sales. Sales are dependent on a satisfied public.

When a firm goes on week after week spending large sums on advertising it is a sure sign that the public has found the goods to be of sterling value.

Look, out, therefore, for the announcements of these firms and buy their goods. It's the way to make sure of getting the utmost value for your money.

A guarantee of all trade advertising in JOHN BULL appears weekly, demonstrating faith in the advertisers whose announcements are permitted in the journal.

NEWS IN ADS.

WE receive a great many letters from our readers expressing surprise at the value offered by some of the advertisers in JOHN BULL. Mr. T. Stevens of Hustons, Swanage, went to the trouble of having himself photographed in his new Barry suit and pointed out that it was better than one which had cost him twelve guineas from a local tailor, the photo of which was also enclosed. The present is a good time to write for patterns as the new Autumn suitings are just in.

Wet Weather Bargains.

George West, whose advertisement appears on the back cover, offers a number of wet weather bargains for men, women and children. With such a variety there should be little difficulty in choosing a garment to fit your purse as well as your figure. Their store in Oxford Street is one of the finest in London.

No Extras.

Many tailors add a good deal to their bill for "extras." Curzon Bros. make it perfectly clear that no extras will be charged by them, and the price of £3 for a Scotch tweed suit is very reasonable.

Back Again.

Our old friend, the sailor, in the Lifebuoy advertisement appears in JOHN BULL for the first time for many years. His appearance in the Railway Ticket Office is decidedly interesting.

Much in Little.

There is a wealth of interest in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 3; indeed one could almost furnish a home and find the means of paying for it after carefully studying these.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from page 24.*)

ANZAC (Lulworth).—"I never want to see my wife again." Dear, dear!

JULY (Eccles).—"I am supposed to be rather sarcastic." We shiver.

HARASSED BEAVER (Boscombe).—"I am sick of this 'beaver' cry. Is there no law?" Take it as a joke.

MILDRED (Leicester).—"My friends tell me I am a born actress." Most friends are born flatterers.

OX (Crewe).—"The patent killer is the only humane method for slaughtering animals." We agree.

UNION IS STRENGTH (Belfast).—"Ireland will never be free until it is reconquered." Free from troublesome inhabitants, do you mean?

WEST END (S. W. L.).—"The dope sellers still ply their trade in Piccadilly." We have this matter under consideration.

TIME TABLE (Cromer).—"How is it that England lags behind the world in aviation?" We do not exactly follow you—we have a world's record for speed.

UNICORN (Woolwich).—"What would Woolwich do if the world disarmed?" Wait until that happens and we will tell you.

YOUNG ADVENTURER (Bootle).—"I have heard of a diamond ship sunk off Pondoland." And we have heard of a great many diamonds sunk *by* Pondoland.

LONELY OFFICER (Glasgow).—The difficulty about publishing your appeal for a wife is that we accept a responsibility which we do not care to shoulder. You have £500 a year and are in Africa in a good position, and you ought to have no difficulty in finding one "who looks and behaves like a lady."

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Clever Ideas to Attract the "JOHN BULL Man"

A RETURN VISIT TO HASTINGS AND MARGATE.

SHE looked very charming. At first it might appear she was wearing one of the "crepe paper" creations now the vogue, but closer inspection revealed the costume to be made from JOHN BULL ingeniously pieced together. She was, in fact, the winner of the Special Prize (a magnificent silver-plated Tea and Coffee Set) for having attracted the eye of the JOHN BULL Man at Yarmouth recently. Margate and Hastings readers will be glad to know that the JOHN BULL Man makes a return visit to those popular watering places on Wednesday, Aug. 30 (Hastings) and Monday, Sept. 4 (Margate). Besides the Special Prizes already mentioned, there will be silver chain handbags, dressing cases, wrist watches, automatic fans, etc., in return for the easy and congenial task of carrying your JOHN BULL with you. Look out for the JOHN BULL Man!

YARMOUTH PRIZE-WINNERS.

The following were the chief prize-winners at Yarmouth who hit upon the cleverest and most original ways of attracting the attention of the JOHN BULL Man:—SPECIAL PRIZE (Silver-plated Tea and Coffee Set), Miss Florence Beaver, 27, Blackwall Reach, Gorleston. FIRST LADY'S PRIZE (Silver Chain Handbag), Miss Mabie Astar, 122, Alexandra Road, Holloway, London. FIRST GENT'S PRIZE (Dressing Case), Mr. Mark Wiseman, 322, Walworth Road, London, S.E. 17.

The JOHN BULL PEN COUPON will be found on Page 25.

BACK TO WORK.

THAT after-holiday feeling, something like a month of Monday mornings rolled into one, which afflicts so many people at this season of the year, will have a less depressing effect on you if you turn your thoughts to the most delightful method of recouping yourself for all the money you spent so gaily during that fortnight by the sea.

If you have never tried your skill in our "Bullets" Competition, now is an excellent time to take it up. If you have got out of the habit, get back to it as you go back to work.

There is a First Prize of £1,000 awaiting a clever competitor.

Set your mind on that.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 456.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mrs. H. BRADBURY, 115, Ashton Road, Oldham.

Example:—CHANGING COLOUR.
Bullet:—OF MEDICINE, RENEWS CONFIDENCE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss E. OLIVER,
Villa Amphery, St. Martins, Guernsey, C.I.

Example:—BIT OF FAT.
Bullet:—"UPHILL STRUGGLE" SOON REDUCES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. R. J. TAYLOR,
25, George Street, Grays, Essex.

Example:—VALUABLE ASSET.
Bullet:—PRINCE HAS PROVED MODESTY.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. S. SAYER, 158, Lambeth Street, Blackburn, Lancs:
A MAN'S WAY—BETTERING BY BATTERING.

F. T. COLEMAN, Claremont, Hatfield Heath, near Harlow, Essex:
ANOTHER LITTLE DROP—DISPROVES "SAFETY IN NUMBERS."

P. STEVENS, 124, Stanton Street, Derby:
GLUTTON FOR WORK—MINER'S PICK—COMRADES ENTOMBED.

J. GATELY, 2, Cross Yard, Bloomsgrove Street, Radford, Notts:
LONG WAY OFF—"ENTENTE" FROM "CORDIALE."

J. TAYLERSON, 52, Edge Grove, Fairfield, East Liverpool:
NATIONAL DANGER—NEW BEES—OLD BONNETS.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. LUNN, 42, West End Road, Southall, Middlx.:
VALUABLE ASSET—COLLEGE FRENCH—AT COLLEGE.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

E. SHANKS, 113, Rochdale Road, Bacup, Lancs:
DREAMS AND REALITIES—NORFOLK BROADS—STREET PUDDLES.

Miss A. L. RELF, 139, Campbell Road, Bow, E.3:
BRIGHTER SUNDAY—SAVING SOULS, THEIR GOALS

T. KENNARD, 156, New Town, Waltham Cross Herts:
WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP—SOCIETY MOTHERS PEEPS IN.

W. WARDLE, 16, Howarth Street, South, Sunderland:
WHEN PURSE IS FULL—BOLSHEVIK BUYS ANOTHER CIGARETTE

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

E. V. CHAPMAN, 37, Victoria Road, Middlesbrough:
NATIONAL DANGER—NEEDS "WAITING IN SEV."
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. L. HEATON, 282, Liverpool Road, Haydock, St. Helens, Lancs:
BEST MOTHER—"STAR" NOBODY CAN "UNDERSTUDY."

Miss G. C. LOTT, 88, Clapton Common, E.5:
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN—KEEPS BOTTOM RUNG COVERED.

H. M[illegible], 14, Argyle Square, King's Cross, W.C.1:
WHEN PURSE IS FULL—TROUBLE'S VERY EASILY BOUGHT.

W. WATSON, 41, Branch Road, Burnley:
VALUABLE ASSET—ROADHOG THINKS SPARE NEVER.

W. PEARSON, 44, Alsop Street, Leek, Staffs:
UNWRITTEN LAW—REALLY WHAT MAKES SPORT.

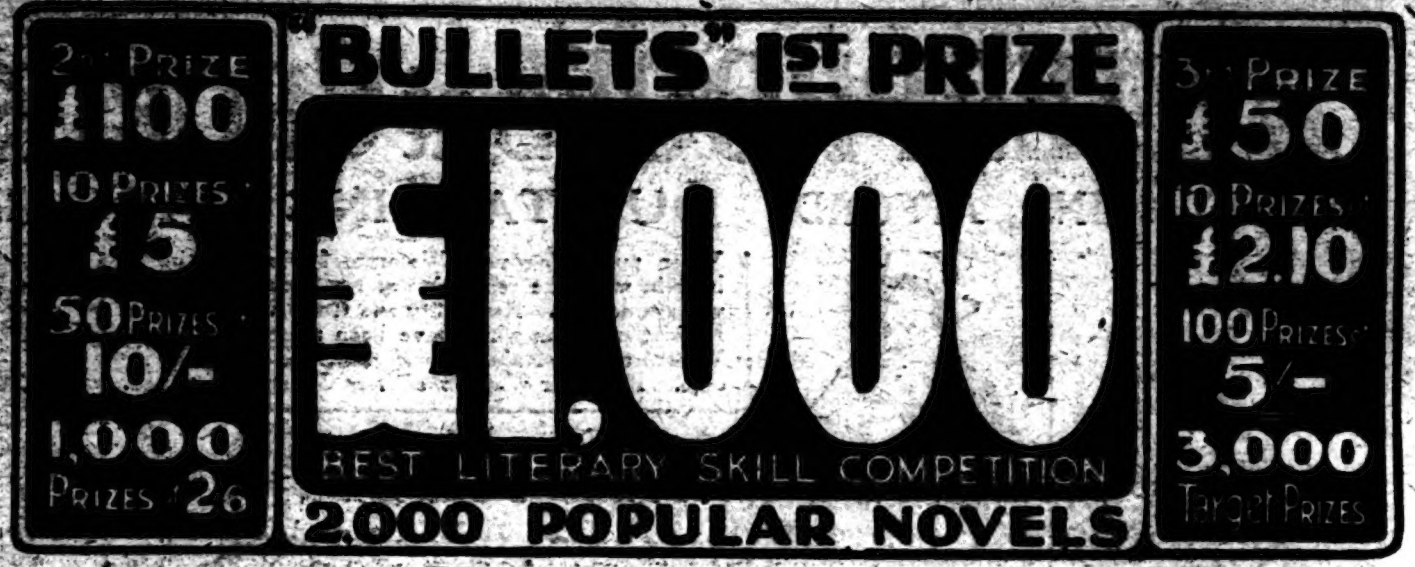
I. S[illegible], Bekesbourne, near Canterbury, Kent:
MOST CURIOUS—PAYS PHILANTHROPIST TO BE.

W. A. NOBLE, 62, Nowell Mount, Leeds:
MODERN LANDLORD—POSSESSES WITHOUT POSSESSION.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. J[illegible], 19, Ely Road, Llandaff, Cardiff:
IN OWN CLOTHES—GUILT IMAGINES MANY DETECTIVES.

T. R[illegible], 5, Oak Street, Newport, Mon.:
A FAIR TRIAL—PRISONER A GOOD JUDGE.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 456 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."



LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 456.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE
OUR AEROPLANES
THE NEXT GENERATION
AFTER YOU
UP TO MISCHIEF
FOOTBALL
BACK TO WORK
SEA BREEZES
FIT FOR HEROES
UNCLE SAM
AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE
ON THE WING
LIFE'S JOURNEY
LONDON POLICEMAN
HEALTH AND WEALTH
PUSSYFOOT
A THICK SKIN
A DIPLOMAT
SAD BUT TRUE
DRINKING WATER
WINTER AND SUMMER
GAS
ON PLEASURE BENT
PRODIGAL SON
AT THE WASHTUB
MODERN BURGLAR
AFTER MY HOLIDAY
ONE IN A MILLION
LANDLADY'S CAT
ROUND FLAPPER'S NECK
A TWISTER
HONOURS AND TRICKS
PLEADING POVERTY
A GOOD RIDDANCE
GAMES FOR GIRLS
IN DREAMLAND
A REAL SPORT
MAKES WIFE SIT UP
TONS OF MONEY
THE HAPPY MEAN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 458, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2

Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(458) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(458) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(458) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

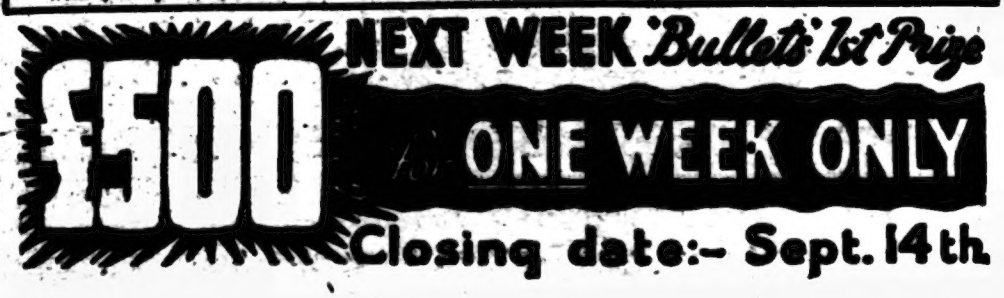
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(458) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____



WATERPROOFS at GEORGE WEST'S

EVERY LINE AFFORDS OUTSTANDING BARGAIN OPPORTUNITY.

When purchasing your Waterproof it is essential to bear in mind the reputation of the firm with which you are dealing. Reliability and Good Value are the foundation upon which have been raised the famous Waterproof and Raincoat Departments of the London Mail. Buy your Waterproof from George West, Ltd.

OFFICERS' TRENCH COATS

Regulation Pattern.
FOUR COATS IN ONE.

Every Officer's Trench Coat is brand NEW, in best quality TRIPLE-PROOFED FAWN GABARDINE with check lining, NON-PERISHABLE OIL-SKIN INTERLINING and detachable WOOL FLEECE LINING. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 ins. chest. Lengths in proportion. Also Post 1/3 the same Coat, but without the Wool Fleece Lining and in civilian style. Post 1/- **45/-**

60/-

Ladies' Waterproof CAPES

Made of highest grade material in newest design, with elegant collar and cross-over shoulder straps. Ideal for present wear and absolutely impervious to wind and rain. Both qualities in following colours: Fawn, Saxe, Grey, Navy. Lengths: 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 ins.

15/6 & 20/-

Postage 1/- extra.

Also very smart and High-Grade Models 30/-, 40/-, 50/-, 60/-.

Men's Fawn WATERPROOF COATS

12/-

Postage 1/-

The success of these famous Waterproofs at 12/- has brought imitations into the market. Beware of firms who advertise them. We guarantee the Waterproofs we sell to be made of the genuine Government material, exactly as stated, and worth at least three times the price asked.

In smart Raglan style, with storm fitting storm collar and pockets, fully cut and easy fitting. They are absolutely waterproof, and because of the extreme durability of the Government material, can be thoroughly recommended for everyone's all-the-year-round wear.

At the price, 12/- (Post 1/-), they afford bargain value that is unquestionably without equal.

Secure one to-day. The opportunity is unique. You cannot fail to be more than satisfied with the purchase.

ALL FAWN SHADE
34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 ins. chest.
Delivery of all orders guaranteed.

Ladies' Waterproof COATS

Indispensable for present wear. Smartly tailored in newest West End design, and worth more than double. Both qualities in the following colours:

Fawn, Saxe, Grey, Navy, Black and White Check.

Lengths: 42, 44, 46 & 48 ins.

19/6 & 25/- postage 1/-

Also an extensive selection of Waterproof Costumes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

Men's Rainproof TRENCH COATS

These coats are perfectly cut in this smart style with button up storm collars and made from new TRIPLE-PROOFED Fawn Gabardine, with Check lining and NON-PERISHABLE Rubber interlining. Post 1/-

35/-

Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44ins. chest.

Same Coat with Wool Fleece Detachable Lining. **50/-** Post 1/3.

Girls' Fawn MACKS

Well cut, strongly finished. Exceptional bargains. In Fawn, Saxe, Navy, Grey and Black and White Check. Lengths: 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, and 42 ins. All lengths same price **20/-** Post 1s.

NOBILITY Telemac

LIGHT AS A FEATHER.
FITS THE POCKET.

30/-

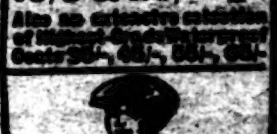
POST FREE.

Made in an extremely strong and compact fabric, guaranteed rain and wind tight for two years. "Nobility Telemacs" are the greatest value on the market. They are high-grade, good-looking garments, correct for wear at all times. Try a "Nobility Telemac" this Season.

Colours: Mid Fawn, Dark Fawn, Silver Grey and Navy.

Men's Sizes:	Ladies' Sizes:
36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. chest	34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust

Please state size and colour required.



Boys' Fawn MACKS

Great Reduced Price Offer. Thoroughly dependable garments for hard wear. Impervious to the most drenching rain. Guaranteed rubber proofed. Lengths: 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. formerly 18/-

NOW 12/-

Post 9d.

Khaki All-Wool Serge RIDING BREECHES

Perfectly new, guaranteed British Army Khaki Serge, double seats, laced knees and cross pockets. For Riders, Cyclists, Moter-Cyclists, Chauffeurs, Dairymen, Farm Workers, and others. Cost at least 42/- per pair. All sizes to fit men up to 36 ins. waist. State waist measurement

10/- Post 1/- extra or Ten

LEATHER LEGGINGS (as above). All sizes. Worth 25/- Post 9d. Per pair **8/6**

GIRLS' STRONG MACK CAPES.

With Hoods.

No. 3. 20,000 CAPES with lined Hoods, fully cut and guaranteed waterproof. Colours: Fawn, Saxe, Grey, Navy, and Black and White Check. Lengths: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 ins. Post 9d. **7/6**

No. 2. 20,000 CAPES with unlined Hoods. Guaranteed waterproof. Fawn, Saxe, Grey, Navy and Black and White Check. Lengths: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 ins. Post 9d. **6/-**

No. 1. 20,000 CAPES. Made from best Government material. Fully cut, complete with Hood and guaranteed waterproof. Fawn shade only. Lengths: 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 ins. Post 9d.

ALL ONE PRICE, EACH. **5/-**

Mark Envelopes "Dept. 200."

GEO. WEST, LTD.

2 Large Shops each occupying an entire building.

Enclose full remittance and kindly remember that all Postal Orders should be made payable to George West, Ltd., and Treasury Notes and Coin sent by Registered Post.

WATERPROOF SPECIALISTS.

Open until 7 p.m. **435, 437 & 445, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.** Facing SELFRIDGE'S.

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